

A DREAM OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

"Another scene where happiness is sought! A festive chamber with its golden hues, Its dream-like sounds, and languishing de-

R. MONTGOMERY.

I stood in the light of the festive hall, Gorgeously wrought was its pictured hall; And the strings of the lute replied in song, To the heart-breathed lays of the vocal throng.

Oh! rich were the odours that floated there, O'er the swan-like neck and the bosom fair; And, close, were mingled with sparkling pearls,

On the marble brow, and the cluster'd curls; I stood in that hall, and my lips were mute, And my spirit entranced with the elfin-lute; And the eyes that looked on me seemed fraught with love, As the stars that make Night more divine above.

A sorrowful thought o'er my spirit came, Like thunder-clouds kindling with gloom and flame;

For I knew that those forms in the dust would lie,

And no passionate lips to their songs reply.

But the music recalled me, the hall glow'd with light,

And burst like a vision of heaven on my sight;

"Oh! thus," I exclaimed, "will dark feelings depart,

When the sunshine of beauty descends on the heart!"

THE PAST.

It comes o'er the heart like an echo bland, Or a gentle voice from Fairy land, On balmy breezes borne to the strand,

Of memory's sea.

It tells of the joys that our childhood knew, Of hopes that were bright as the rainbow's hue, Of the tears that were pure as morning dew

On the vernal tree.

It speaks of the hours of earliest love, Of the sylvan glen and the summer grove, Through which our footsteps oft would rove,

In the by-gone days.

Of the longing glance of that azure eye, Of the cheek that was dashed with the rose's dye,

Of the smile that was soft as orient sky

When the sun-beam plays.

And oh it is sweet as the night comes on, When the heart is dreary, sad, and lone, To muse on the friends that are past and gone,

To come, oh never!

And to think they love in the memory bright,

As forms that are clad in the hues of light,

And will not depart till the stillly night

Be set for ever!

THE ALEHOUSE PARTY.

A Chapter from an unpublished Novel, by the Authors of the "Odd Volume," "Tales and Legends," &c.

"The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter: And aye the ale wis growing better."

BURNE.

On the evening of that day which saw Mrs. Wallace enter Park a bride, Robin Kinniburgh and a number of his cronies met at the village alehouse to celebrate the happy event. Every chair, stool, and bench, being occupied, Robin and his gbum, Tammy Tacket, took possession of the top of the meal girdle; and, as they were elevated somewhat above the company, they appeared like two rival provosts, looking down on their surrounding bailies.

"It's a gude thing," said Tammy, "that the wives and weans are kept out the night; folk get enough o' them at hame."

"I wonder," said Jamie Wilson, "what's become o' Andrew Gilmour."

"Hae ye no heard," said Robin, "that his wife died yesterday?"

"Is she dead?" exclaimed Tammy Tacket: "faith," continued he, giving Robin a jog with his elbow, "I think a man might hae waur furniture in his house than a dead wife."

"That's a truth," replied Jamie Wilson, "as mony an honest man kens to his cost.—But send round the pint stoup, and let us hae a health to the laird and the ledgy, and mony happy years to them and theirs."

When the applause attending this toast

had subsided, Robin was universally called on for a song.

"I hae the host," answered Robin "that's aye what the leddies say when they are asked to sing."

"Deil a host is about you," cried Wattie Shuttle: "come awa' wi' a sang without wair ado."

"Weel," replied Robin, "what maun be, maun be; so I'll gie ye a sang, that was made by a laddie that lived east-awa; he was aye daundering, poor chiel, amang the broomie knowes, and mony's the time I hae seen him lying at the side o' the wimpling burn, writing on ony bit paper he could get hand o'. After he was dead, this bit sang was found in his pocket, and his puir mother gied it to me, as a kind o' keepsake; and now I'll let you hear it.—I sing it to the tue o' 'I hae laid a herrin' in saut."

SONG.

It's I'm a sweet lassie, without e'er a fault; She ilka ane tell's me,—sae, it maun be true; To his hill, my auld fither has plenty o' saut, And that brings the lads in gowpens to woo. There's Saunders M'Latchie, wha bides at the Mill, He wants a wee wife, to bake and to brew; But Saunders, for me, at the Mill may stay still, For his first wife was pushioned, if what they say's true.

"It's your turn now to sing, Tammy," said Robin, "although I dinna ken that ye are very gude at it."

"Me sing!" cried Tammy, "I canna even sing a psalm, for less a sang; but if ye like, I'll tell you a story."

"Come awa then, a story is next best; but hand a' your tongues there, ye chieles," cried Robin, giving the wink to his cronies "we a ken Tammy is unco gude at telling a story, mair especially if it be about himself."

"Aweel," said Tammy, clearing his throat, "I'll tell you what happened to me when I was ance in Embro. I fancy ye a ken the Calton hill?"

"Whatna daftlike question is that, when ye ken very weel we hae a' been in Embro' as weel as yoursell?"

"Weel then," began Tammy, "I was coming ower the hill—"

"What hill?" asked Jamie Wilson.—"Corstorphine hill?"

"Corstorphine fiddlestick!" exclaimed Tammy; "did ye no hear me say the Calton hill at the first, which, ye ken, is thought there the principal hill?"

"What's that ye're saying about Principal Hill?" asked Robin; "I kent him weel ance in a day."

"Now, Tammy," cried Willie Walkinshaw, "can ye no gang on wi' your story, without a' this balwawring and nonsense about coming ower ane o' our Professors; my faith, it's no an easy matter to come ower some o' them."

"Very well," said Tammy, a little angrily "I'll say nae mair about it, but just drap the hill."

"Whare, whare?" cried several voices at once.

"I'm thinking," said Robin, drily, "some o' the Embro' folk would be muckle obliged to ye if ye would drap it in the Nor' Loch."

"Ye're a set o' gomerils!" exclaimed Tammy, in great wrath, "I meant naething o' the sort; but only that I would gie ower speaking about it."

"So we're no to hae the story after a'," said Matthew Henderson.

"Yes," said Tammy, "I'm quite agreeable to tell't, if ye will only sit still and hand your tongues.—Aweel, I was coming ower the hill ae night—"

"Odsake Tammy," cried Robin, "will ye ne'er get ower that hill? ye hae tell't us that ten times already; gang on, man, wi' the story."

"Then, to make a lang story short, as I was coming ower the hill, ae night about ten o'clock at night, I fell in—"

"Fell in!" cried Matthew Henderson, "whare? was't a hole, or a well?"

"I fell in," replied Tammy, "wi' a man—"

"Fell in wi' a man!" said Willie Walkinshaw; "weel, as there were twa o'ye, ye could help ane anither out."

"Na, na," roared Tammy, "I dinna mean that at a'; I just came up wi' him—"

"I doubt, Tammy," cried Robin, giving a sly wink to his cronies, "if ye gaed up the Calton hill wi' a man at ten o'clock at night, I'm thinking ye'll hae been boozing some gate or ither wi' him afore that."

"Me boozing?" cried Tammy; "I ne'er saw the man's face afore or since; unless it was in the police office the next day."

"Now, Tammy Tacket," said Robin, gravely, "just tak' a frien's advice, and gie ower sic splores; they're no creditable to a decent married man like ye; and dinna be bleezing and bragging about being in the police office; for it stands to reason ye wouldna be there for ony gude."

"Deil tak' me," cried Tammy, jumping up on the meal girdle, and brandishing the pint stoup, "if I dinna fling this at the head o' the first man wha says a word afore I be done wi' my story:—And as I said before, I fell in—"

Poor Tammy was not at all prepared for his words being so soon verified, for, in his

eagerness to enforce attention, he stamped violently with his hobnailed shoe on the girdle, which giving way with a loud crash, Tammy suddenly disappeared from the view of the astonished party. Robin, who had barely escaped from the falling ruins, was still laughing with all his might, when Mrs. Scoreup burst in upon them, saying, "What the sorrow is a' this stramash about?"—but seeing a pale and ghastly figure rearing itself from the heart of her meal girdle, she ejaculated, "Gude preserve us!" and, retreating a few steps, seized the broth ladle, and prepared to stand on the defensive.

At this moment Grizzly Tacket made her appearance at the open door, saying, "Is blethering Tam here?"

"Help me out, Robin, man," cried Tammy.

"Help you out!" said Grizzly; "what the sorrow took ye in there, ye drucken ne'er do well?"

"Dinna abuse your gudeman, wife," said Jamie Wilson.

"Gudeman!" retorted Grizzly; "troth there's few o'ye deserve the name; and as for that idle loon, I ken he'll no work a stroke the morn, though wife and weans should want baith milk and meal."

"Odsake, wife," cried Robin, "if ye shake Tammy weel, he'll keep ye a' in parritch for a week."

"She'll shake him," cried the angry Mrs. Scoreup; "cocks are free o' horses' corn; I'll shake him," making, as she spoke, towards the unfortunate half-choked Tammy.

"Will ye faith?" screamed Grizzly, putting her arms akiubo; "will you offer to lay a hand on my gudeman, and me standing here? Come out this minute, ye Jonadub, and come hame to your ain house."

"No ae fit shall her stir frae this," cried Mrs. Scoreup, slapping to the door, "till I see wha is to pay me for the spoiling o' my gude new girdle, for by the meal that's wasted."

"New girdle!" exclaimed Grizzly, with a provoking sneer, "it's about as auld as yoursell, and as little worth."

"Ye il-tongued raddy!" cried Mrs. Scoreup, giving the ladle a most portentous flourish.

"Whist, whist, gudewife," said Robin, "say nae mair about it, we'll mak' it up amang us; and now, Grizzly, tak' Tammy awa hame."

"It's no right in you, Robin," said Grizzly, "to be filling Tammy fou, and keeping decent folks out o' their beds till this time o' night."

"It's a' Tammy's fault," replied Robin; "for ye ken as well as me, that when ance he begins to tell a story, there's nae such thing as stopping him; he has been blethering about the Calton hill at nae allowance."

The last words seemed to strike on Tammy's ear; who hiccuped out, "As I came ower the Calton hill—"

"Will naeboddy stap a peat in that man's hause!" exclaimed Matthew Henderson; "for ony sake, honest man, tak' him awa, or we'll be kept on the Calton hill the whole night."

"Tak' haud o' me, Tammy," said Robin; "I'll gang hame wi' ye."

"I can gang mysell," said Tammy, giving Robin a shove, and staggering towards the door.

"Gang yoursell!" cried Grizzly, as she followed her helpmate; "ye dinna look very like it;" and thus the party broke up;

And each went aff their separate way, Resolved to meet anither day.

BREVITIES.

Poverty will often lead to great intellectual pursuits; but the resources of fortune will frequently suppress the most cogent ideas.

Never subdue a feeling arising from principle! for the mockery of conscience will contend against the hostile powers of a nation.

Never wantonly offend any man however feeble his situation; you know not how soon his personal interest may be acceptable.

In choosing a wife, a good disposition will be found the most staple commodity. Most other virtues will flourish in so luxuriant a soil.

It should be the study of every individual to become rather a useful than a rich member of society.

Weak opponents are universally great calumniators.

To adduce an opinion without some argumentative reason to support it, shows great precipitancy of idea. It is like raising a sumptuous pile for the mere gratification of witnessing its destruction.

It is not the enormity, but the certainty of punishment that deters mankind from evil. Hope will always gain the ascendancy.

Precept and example are great opposites. The one is generally too extravagantly lavished: the other abridges more personal comfort than most people like to sacrifice.

Few individuals are patriotic enough to participate in the correction of a public abuse, until the corruption produces personal inconvenience.

Flattery will ever, more or less, accompany the first overtures to friendship. It may not be deemed impolitic if it be found to precede as the intimacy matures.

CELESTIAL CARDS.

These intellectual toys will probably remind the haters of common cards of the adage, that out of evil springs good. Perhaps a more delightful introduction to the sublime science of astronomy was never yet devised; and the elegance and good taste in which the Celestial Cards are presented to the public, induce us to quote a brief explanation of their object.

The Cards, fifty-two in number, are divided into four seasons, which are distinguished by the colouring of the drapery of each, and further by the leading card of each season, on which are represented the corresponding Signs of the Zodiac.

The signs are of greater value than any of the other cards.

One sign is of equal value with another. The next four cards, viz. Luna, The Sun, The Comet, and The Orbits, are named The Luminaries.

One luminary is of equal value with another.

In the remaining Cards, which form a series of telescopic views of the eleven planets of our Sun's system, every planet will be observed to occur four times, or once in every season.

They are all described as surrounded by constellations, except those which have moons.

The Cards, then, are fifty-two in number, each season containing thirteen, viz. one sun, one luminary, and eleven planets.

Every card is called by the name given to it in the plate of the Key; in speaking of a planet, however, the season is also to be expressed—as Jupiter in spring, Jupiter in summer, Tellus in winter, &c. according to the colour of its drapery.

These are all the particulars for which we have space; but even these must be sufficient to invite the attention of the reader to what may be termed one of the most beautiful and ingenious inventions ever devised for the instruction and amusement of youth.

We are not haters of Cards, nor habitual players; but the contrasting intellect of the Celestial Cards with the unmeaning designations of spades, hearts, diamonds and clubs, is irresistibly impressive. Take, for example, one card upon which these sublime facts are inscribed: The "comet of 1680—distance from the sun, at its nearest approach, 580,000 miles—length of its tail, 80,000,000 miles—progression per hour, 880,000 miles: what a field of contemplation is here opened to us!—unutterably bright, does it eclipse the trumpery of the corresponding card in a common pack.

INFORMATION FOR PUNCH DRINKERS.—The name of this liquor is of Indian origin, expressing the number of ingredients. It has been condemned as prejudicial to the brain and nervous system. No brute (says Swift) can endure the taste of strong liquor, and consequently it is against all the rules of hieroglyphics to assign those animals as patrons of punch. Doctor Cheyne says, "that there is but one wholesome ingredient in it, viz. the mere water."

Frank North made it a rule, whenever he passed a trunk-maker's, near Charing-cross, whose name was Lot, and who had two daughters (the name attracting his attention,) always to stop and ask him, "Pray, Mr. Lot, how are your two daughters?" "Sir, what have you to do with my two daughters?" when laughing at him, "Mr. Lot, how is your pillar of salt?"

When men out of the earth of old, A dumb and beastly vermin crawled, For acorns first and holes of shelter, They tooth and nail and helter-skelter, Fought fist to fist: then with a club, Each learned his brother brute to drub; Till more experienced grown, these cattle Forged fit accoutrements for battle. At last (Lucretius says, and Creech) They set their wits to work on speech; And that their thoughts might all have marks

To make them known, these learned clerks Left off the trade of cracking crowns, And manufactured verbs and nouns."

FAT LIVING.—The vicarage of Wyburn or Winsburn, Cumberland is of the following tempting value: Fifty shillings per annum, a new surplice, a pair of clogs, and feed on the common for one goose. This favoured church preferment is in the midst of a wild country, inhabited by shepherds. The clerk keeps a pot house opposite the church. The service is once a fortnight; and when there is no congregation, the Vicar and Moses regulate themselves at the bar.