

POETRY.

SPRING.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

(Copied from The Mark Lane Express).

When unto God your matin pray'rs are said,
The sun shines cloudlessly above your head;
The birds are warbling—the flow'rs bloom;
And no dear one is slumbering in the tomb.
So recently, Time's had no power to dry
The tear that falls from Sorrow's woe-fraught
eye.

With limb elastic, and with heart serene,
You step, clate, along the meadows green.
You must be happy—Nature's with you, then!
Toil, care, and pain, are with the town-pent man
Their feverish ears drink not the lulling sound
Of gurgling brook—they cannot look around
On fair Creation's works; all they behold
Is artificial—to be bought and sold—
Produced by labour so intense—severe—
That they enveigh against existence here.
Panting to speed beyond those radiant skies,
Whose light on earth is Slav'ry's sacrifice;
Gladness unpeakable is in the fields,
Each timid flow'r delicious perfume yields;
Like medicated balm an angel brings
From bow'rs of Paradise, on its fond wings;
While ev'ry breath of air that fans the face,
With renovated health the frame doth brace;
Filling the heart with that deep sense of joy,
Whose holy pureness nothing can destroy;
Bidding Man own, amaz'd, the wondrous Hand
That cloth'd in loveliness a sin-stain'd land,
Peopling with jocund birds each vernal grove,
And proving Earth still worthy of His love!
The soul with grateful admiration fill'd,
Feels ev'ry force ascendant passion still'd;
Loses, at last, its taint of earthly leav'n,
And owns the purity alone of Heaven!

From the Farmer's Gazette.

Farmer, happy is thy lot;
Peace and plenty crown the spot
Which in wisdom thou hast chose;
Solid comfort ever flows
From thy quiet pleasant home,
E'en the fields o'er which you roam,
With soft accents seem to say,
Thou art happy every day.

Far from city's noisy strife,
Thine's a calm and tranquil life;
In thy garden, flow'ers thrive;
From thy vines, thou wilt derive
Fare luxuriant, rich and vast;
From thy trees, a sweet repast;
Fruitful fields will gladly bring
Treasures great, a boundless spring.

In the country's balmy air,
Health's bright visage thou may'st wear
Knowledge deep thou may'st obtain;
Richest blessings thou may'st gain;
Independence gilds thy path,
Thou true freedom ever hath;
Thine's a station, envied more
Than a prince's throne of power.

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

THE GOLDEN MAXIM OF SIR MATTHEW HALE.

A Sunday well spent,
Brings a week of content,
And health for the toils of to-morrow:
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whoso'er may be gamed,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

FITNESS OF THINGS.—Jeremy Taylor says that the world is a board with peg-holes, some square, and some round, and that certain men, fitted for one state of things and not for another, are square pegs which get into round holes. Nothing can adjust them to their stations, or fix them with any firmness or uprightness. Change their position, and set each right—but the change is impossible.

OUR BOYHOOD.

The memory of boyhood is ever agreeable for the close approach it makes at times to a state of perfect contentedness. We can remember when certain gratifications that we had hoped for were conceded, we were perfectly happy in the enjoyment of them, at least as long as they continued to be novelties. In manhood, to put us into possession of any thing which we desired, no matter how long we had been wishing for it, was to make us dissatisfied immediately. Its possession was the signal for discontentedness; new desires, and new hopes, new longings and cravings arose, from which we were free while the state of expectation of the object with which we had just been gratified existed. The consummation of boyish hope led for some short space into a heaven of satisfaction, a little term which we could say, "Now we want nothing more in the world." The interval, short as it might be, was one of perfect felicity. If we had for days been expecting a holiday, and it had arrived, we spent it with a companion or two in a complete fruition of hope. For at least half that day we well recollect that no void was left in our bosom, no craving desire made us restless, until the toil and fatigue of play and exercise produced satiety, and gave a desire of repose. We were always, however, keenly alive to the miseries of boyhood, for most acute miseries boyhood may have, and nothing is more unfounded and unfeeling than the notion that boys are insensible, or suffer but little from the mortification that may be inflicted upon them. The painful effect there is no doubt is more evanescent than in after-life, but it cuts as deep at the moment. Of all youthful miseries, the tyranny of the pedagogue of old times was the most unsufferable; how often has it broken the manly spirit of youth, crushed its noble pride, and smothered its desire of emulation. A hundred boys, all differing in character and temperament, were formerly, like so many German soldiers, taught by the cane. They must acquire the same task, in the same manner, and in the same stated period of time. The lively and studious, the dull and acute, were treated in a way perfectly similar; and the scourge—the infamous and degrading punishment of the scourge—was the inevitable lot of him with whom it was a physical impossibility to learn the allotted portion, equally with the indolent or wilful neglecter of his duties. It is curious, that most of the shining characters in our literature in whom genius has been most eminently displayed, were rarely discovered to possess remarkable talents at school, if many of them were not thought irretrievable blockheads. Something not very well authenticated is told of Dryden's startling his pedagogue with an excellent couplet; but for the most part the slaves in after-life, the plodding man of business, the commentator, or future college tutor, were the master's favourites. The truth is, that line and rule were made for those who cannot work without; and the favourites of nature, the mighty intelligences among men, were not to be treated like machines. Their lofty and proud spirits mutinied and rebelled against the plough-driving system of coercion. They could not but revolt secretly, and imbibe a distate for what was attempted to be forced upon them instead of being introduced by the aid of reason and suavity. This system has been very much changed of late years, except in three or four great grammar schools. We are happy we never had any thing to do with fagging and floggings. We can well remember the terrific impression they made on our mind, as our friends were afflicted by

them. They gave us such a repugnance to the system, that we determined, with a resolution and coolness rarely found in one of our young years, that in case parental authority bore down the antipathy we felt against such a torture, we would run away to sea. We even went so far as to calculate on the surest means of doing this with success, and we had some peculiar local facilities in our favour. We had anticipated, which boys seldom do, the obstacles that lay in our way, and young as we were, we verily believe, had we made the attempt, we should have succeeded. It was not our destiny, however, to be driven to the trial; an excellent mother, by her interference, saved us the necessity of an act which might have been followed by a long and bitter repentance.

Man must not be broken in like a horse, if we wish him to preserve a truly high and noble spirit. Reason and shame are his legitimate controllers. A soldier once flogged may do as well for an Austrian army, where men must be automatons, as before; but in minds formed for great actions a blow destroys every valuable quality. For our part, we should even now feel an indignant blush of shame in the presence of his master or his ushers who had flogged us every week from the age of eight to eighteen. We should abhor them. How they are so complacently regarded by their scholars in after-life we cannot tell: the latter surely cannot have feelings like ours—but perhaps we are over-sensitive.

There is a great deal of honour in unsophisticated boyhood. The disgrace cast on tale-bearing ought never to be removed.—Nothing is so ill-judged as to encourage espionage, and to reward spies and traitors to their companions. The integrity and straightforwardness of a government proves its strength and ensures its durability. The boy who, rather than betray a companion, endures a flogging and keeps a secret inviolate, is a young hero, and has the elements of much good in him, in spite of Mr. Locke; such a spirit ought to be admired rather than censured. To encourage a tale-bearer is to sanction the committal of a new crime to obtain oftentimes the punishment of one of less magnitude. That master must be stupid and idle, who cannot obtain a knowledge of all he may require in such cases from a separate and close cross-examination of juvenile accomplices.

But we have wandered from boyhood to education. From describing a few sensations peculiar to incipient man in a state of nature, we have wandered into that state which is to fit him for artificial life. We crave pardon of the reader for the digression; but we believe that it is, after all, more to the advantage of society for men to have honest, bold, and high ideas of independence, and pure feelings of honour, than to be mere construers of ancient tongues, employed on words only, not dreaming about making them the medium for conducting the learner to virtuous actions.—*Eng. pap.*

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PHYSICAL AND MENTAL LABOUR.—Whilst we are in hand with these four parts of the Institute, we often having occasion to go into the city, and from thence into the country, did, in some sort, envy the state of the honest ploughman and other mechanics. For one when he was at his work, would merrily sing, and the ploughman whistle some self-pleasing tune, and yet their work both proceeded and succeeded: but we that takes upon to write, doth captivate all the faculties and powers both of mind and body, and must be only attentive to that which he