

POETRY

THE WORLD WE HAVE NOT SEEN.

There is a world we have not seen,
That time shall never dare destroy;
Where mortal footsteps hath not been,
Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.

There is a region, lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing,
Brighter than summer's beauties are,
And softer than the tints of spring.

There is a world, and O how blest!
Fairer than prophets ever told;
And never did an angel guest
One half its blessedness unfold.

It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose;
And there, to deem the radiant scene,
The tear of sorrow never flows.

It is not fanned by summer gale,
'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers;
It never needs the moon beam pale,
For there are known no evening hours.

No: for this world ever bright,
With a pure radiance all its own;
The streams in uncreated light
Flow round it from the eternal throne.

There, forms that mortals may not see,
Too glorious for the eyes to trace,
And clad in peerless majesty,
Move with unutterable grace.

In vain the philosophic eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the curtain'd sky:—
It is the dwelling place of God!

BAPTISM.

Thou know'st, my boy, while we lowly
are kneeling
Before the sole Refuge where sinners
can flee,
For there is the sigh of solicitude steal-
ing,
The voice of devotion is rising for
thee.

Sweet bud, in thy beauty and innocence
swelling!
Believing, yet trembling, we come to
receive

The blaze of the noon and the blast of
the eve.

The bosom where now thou reclinest may
yield thee
A shelter, a rest, through thine infan-
cy's span;

But all unavailing and helpless to shield
thee
From ills that must darken the path-
way of man.

The snare is before thee, the pang and
the sorrow,
The breath of the syren, the voice of
the rod,

The crime of to-day, the despair of to-
morrow,
And all that can sever the soul from
its God.

Thou smilest, my babe, on the stream
that is stealing
Like dew o'er the rose of thy innocent
face:—

Oh! thus may the Saviour, his mercy re-
vealing,
Thy spirit refresh with the waters of
grace!

And thus, unresisting and meek as we
view thee,
Receive thou the unction that comes
from above.

And welcomethy Lord, if he deign to re-
new thee
An heir of his kingdom, a child of his
love.

Now, triumph and honour, thanksgiving
and blessing
To Him who was slain that the sinner
might live!

The gift of his grace, which we joy in
possessing,
He died to receive, and receives but to
give.

This armour of proof we are girding
around thee:
—For we have been wounded and foil-
ed in the fray—
And oh, may the helmet of salvation
have crowned thee,
A glory and guard through life's peri-
lous day!

POLICE.

BOW-STREET.

A fine sturdy looking old man, about 60 years of age, and at least 6 feet high, dressed in the garb of a Greenwich Pensioner, was brought before the Magistrate, at the instance of Mr. Dyer, the Chief Clerk of the Admiralty, charged with riotous and disorderly conduct. It appeared that the defendant had been an inmate of Greenwich Hospital, but having parted with some of his clothes, he absented himself from the Hospital—a step which by the rules of that admirable establishment, deprived him of all claims upon it in future. This was five months ago; and he had lately claimed to be readmitted, but was refused; and he went to the Admiralty time after time, to demand some provision, to enable him to go down to his friends at Manchester. He would listen to no assurance, that he had forfeited all claim to attention, and swore that he had served the King faithfully for 30 years, and he would not die like a vagabond in the streets. His violence collected a crowd, and at length the messengers were obliged to give him in charge.

The defendant, in answer to the complaint, said, he had served 30 years like a good seaman, and had received many a wound in defence of his country—[He here exhibited some deep scars upon his hands and head]—and he would not go vagabondizing about the streets, without a copper. He went to the Admiralty only to ask them for "for a sufficiency" to take him down to Manchester, and they offered him 5s. "Now" (said the defendant) "what was I to do with 5s I should like to know? I wasn't going to beg my way, and so I would not have their five shillings."

Sir R. Birnie told the defendant he had done wrong in going to the Admiralty. He had forfeited his claim upon the country, and he (Sir R. Birnie) was very sorry that he had; but, having done so, he must rest quietly under it. He must not go to the Admiralty.

Defendant—But I will go there, though.

Sir R. Birnie—Then I must send you to prison.

Defendant—Well, then send me to prison, and don't talk about it.

Sir R. Birnie—Why I feel very reluctant to send such a man as you, who have served your country for thirty years, to a gaol.

Defendant—Now what is the use of all this nonsense? If you must send me to gaol, send me there at once; and the best thing you can do is to send me for life, for you may take your oath, I shall go to the Admiralty directly I have my liberty.

Sir R. Birnie said, he hoped not. He would give him a trial; he was at liberty to depart.

"Am I?" said the old tar, "then I'll go; and now here's for the Admiralty."

Sir R. Birnie—If you go there, it will be at your peril.

"Peril," said the defendant; "I don't know what you mean by peril," and placing his hands in his trouser's pocket, he exclaimed, "Here goes—I am off for the Admiralty."

Sir R. Birnie again cautioned him, and said, his discharge had been brought about by his bad conduct. "I shall discharge you now," said Sir Richard, "because it would give me great pain to send you to gaol."

"Wheugh and nonsense!" ejaculated the blunt old veteran, turning the quid in his mouth, and clapping on his hat in the presence of the magistrate—"What's the good of all this preaching? I'm off for the Admiralty;" and, so saying, he strode out of the office.

A clerk from the Admiralty said, he was sure, from what he had seen of the old man, that he would keep his word; and so it turned out; for, in less than an hour he was brought back, for a repetition of the disorder which had before been the subject of charge.

He entered, and placed himself before the table with the most perfect composure, twirling his hat upon his thumb and amusing himself by looking about among the spectators. Mr. Halls was then sitting, Sir R. Birnie having left the bench.

J. Leggatt, a messenger of the Admiralty, stated that the defendant came back and attempted to force his way into Mr. Dyer's office, and that the assistance of a

constable was necessary to remove him. Witness attempted to remove him, but the defendant pushed him as hard as he could and nearly shoved him down.

Defendant—"As hard as I could!" said the defendant (looking down upon the witness, who is of a diminutive size)—"the Lord have mercy upon you, if I had."

Mr. Halls consulted with Mr. Sketchley, another Magistrate, for a short time, and then told the defendant he must call upon him to find bail, as an assault had been proved.

Defendant—Well, now, why didn't you do this before? I don't fear a prison.—Where is my hat? let me go as soon as possible, without any more nonsense.

He was consigned to the care of the gaoler; and placing his hat once more upon his head, slap upon the crown, he followed him to the lock up room, on surveying which he said—Well, I shan't catch much hurt here; I have had smaller and worse births than this before to-day.

Passports.—Speaking of passports, which are a necessary evil, invariably accompanying all foreign excursions, brings to my recollection the following anecdote: A poor Gascon, who had committed himself at Marseilles, by some imprudent bravados of Napoleon, wished to get out of the town before any danger happened. He got a passport, by means of two francs and the signatures of two friends. Having shaved himself that morning, they described "Beard, none; complexion, none." Perhaps he was not very blooming. On the second evening a gendarme inspected his passport.—His beard had grown, "Beard, none?" said the gendarme—"you have a black beard. Complexion, none? and you are perfectly yellow. The passport is false; you must wait for another."

In vain the Gascon protested; he was obliged to send his paper back to Marseilles, where they added "complexion, pale;" "beard, black." He was on foot. The third day he fell down, and several contusions dreadfully inflamed his face. "Complexion pale?" said the inspector, in the evening, "you have the reddest face I ever saw. Nose, middling? and yours is enormous. You have also a scar upon your chin. This passport is false; send for another." Again the paper was sent to Marseilles; and the poor man was two months on his journey, instead of twenty days. Another time an old pensioner returned rather late to Paris, after dinner at the barrier he was asked for his admission ticket. He pulled out of his pocket the bill of fare he had just paid, and presented it. The inspector put on his spectacles, and began to read. "Call's head; hem! that is good; they have amused themselves in describing him. "Pig's feet; ha, ha! not very polite; "sheep's ears;" "ducks' breast;" that's odd. Pass on citizen; with such a description you cannot be very dangerous."

FROM THE ASIATIC MAGAZINE.

Kapila, a man of experience and wisdom, thus expostulated with a moaning Brahmin: "How, Kaundinya, whence this folly? whence this subjection to grief? Tell me, what has become of the monarch of the world, the lords of mighty armies and innumerable chariots?—Does not every object within the vast limits of their empire remind us that they are dead?"

"The body that perishes by death as the vessel of clay, unburdened by fire, dissolves in the stream.

"Youth, beauty, wealth, power, the society of those dear to us, are blessings which continue but for a day: the wise man does not owe them one sigh of regret.

"As two planks borne upon the mighty lake touch and then part for ever, so men meet in this world and then suffer an eternal separation.

"Is not the body a compound of five elements? why then mourn that one of them should return from whence it emanated.

"As many dear friends as a man hath, so many stings does he allow grief to pierce him.

"Thou knowest that our birth is but the beginning of death: we are united for a moment, and separated for millions of ages.

"When the bond of tender friendship

is sended, the stroke is as terrible as that which changes light into darkness.

"Torrents hasten to the great rivers; who can arrest their course? so also flies the life of man; so glide away his days and his nights.

"Where is happiness enjoyed below, but in the society of a virtuous man? Alas! this good is poisoned by the torment of separation.

Segara, and other mighty princes, ennobled themselves by splendid actions. They are dead: and their actions where are they?

"When death prematurely strikes our children, and grief pursues our soul like a sharp sword, memory becomes our foe. The only cure for our disease is forgetfulness.

"Kaundinya, at these words, roused himself as from a trance. "Yes," he exclaimed, "I will fly this fatal place, where I feel the torments of hell; I will retire into a forest." But Kapila resumed—

"He who avoids evil, and can vanquish his passions, need not retire into a forest; his dwelling becomes a place of penitence.

"The man of sorrow fulfils his duty when he maintains tranquility of soul wherever he may be; for every place is proper for the exercise of religion.

"Man the miserable sport of misfortune, disease, old age, and death, can only find happiness in detaching himself from the world.

"Happiness! do I say? it exists not; misery alone exists; we conceive an idea of happiness only by opposing it to misfortune.

ART OF DINING.—Whilst I was writing a friend of mine called to propose that we should dine together at the Athenæum, and he would send a brace of grouse he had just received. We dined very satisfactorily, but agreed that a perfect edition of our dinner would have been as follows:—First, a dozen and a half of small oysters, not pampered, but fresh from their native bed, eaten simply, after the French fashion, with lemon juice, to give an edge to the appetite. In about twenty minutes, the time necessary for dressing them, three fine flounders water-zoutched, with brown bread and butter—a dish that is served better at the Athenæum than any where I know. At a short interval after the flounders, the grouse, not sent up together, but one after the other, hot and hot, like mutton chops, each accompanied by a plate of French beans. With the flounders, half a pint of sherry, and with the grouse a bottle of genuine claret, which we got for three and sixpence a bottle; after which, a cup each of strong hot coffee. This is a style of dining which made us think of the gorgeous, encumbered style with pity and contempt, and I give these particulars by way of study, and as a step towards emancipation.

Dr Lettsom's manner of signing his prescriptions, "I Lettsom," gave birth to the following, with which the Doctor himself is said to have been highly amused, and which may therefore, be introduced, to the credit of his great good humour:

When patients sad to me apply,
I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em
If after all they choose to die,
What's that to me?

I Let's em.

At an Adams dinner, given at Trenton New Jersey, the centre of the table was graced by a pumpkin pie measuring four feet by two.

In the reign of Dermot O'Mullogh the kingdom of Connaught, about the beginning of the second century, a fellow by the name of Pat Riot, himself very conspicuous; the 'Patriot' has come down to us poor and unimpaired.

The number of passengers on the Liverpool and Manchester railway from January 1st to July 1st, was 255,377, exclusive of those who travelled but of the road.

"I never judge from manners," Lord Byron, "for I once had my feet picked by the civillest gentleman ever met with; and one of the mildest persons I ever saw was Ali Pacha.