

POETRY

AN OLD BACHELOR'S REFLECTIONS ON MATRIMONY.

Down to the vale of life I tend,
Where hoary age creeps slowly on;
And with the burdening thought I bend
That youth and all its joys are gone!

Successive years have roll'd away
In fancied views of future bliss!
But—twere the phantoms of a day—
And all that future dies in this.

Now with a retrospective eye,
I look far back to early life,
When Hymen promised to supply
My highest wishes in—a wife.

I waited, hoped, and trusted still
That time would bring th' expected
day;
But never, happily, to my will,
Did fortune throw it in my way.

Too nice, too wise, too proud was I,
To wed as taught by nature's rule;
The world was still to choose for me—
And I—the condescending fool.

Hence are my days a barren round
Of trifling hopes, and idle fears;
For life, true life is only found
In social joys, and social tears.

Let moping monks, and rambling rakes,
The joys of wedded love deride;
Their manners rise from gross mistakes,
Unbridled lust, or gloomy pride.

Thy sacred sweets, connubial love,
Flow from affections more refined;
Affections sacred to the dove,
Heroic, constant, warm and kind.

Hail, holy flame! hail, sacred tie!
That binds two gentle souls in one!
On equal wings their troubles fly,
In equal streams their pleasures run.

Their duties still their pleasures bring;
Hence joys in swift succession come;
A queen is she, and he's a king,
And their dominion is—their home.

Happy the youth who finds a bride
In sprightly days of health and ease;
Whose temper to his own allied,
No knowledge seeks but please.

A thousand sweets their days attend!
A thousand comforts rise around!
Here husband, parent, wife and friend,
In every dearest sense is found.

Yet think not, man, 'midst scenes so gay,
That clouds and storms will never rise—
A cloud may dim the brightest day,
And storms disturb the calmest skies.

But still their bliss shall stand its ground
Nor shall their comforts hence remove
Bitters are oft salubrious found,
And lovers' quarrels heightens love.

The lights, and shades, and goods and
ills,
Thus finely blended in their fate,
To sweet submission bow their wills,
And make them happy in their state.

CURIOS IF TRUE.

A settler on the western road (Sydney) was missing from his small farm. His convict overseer gave out that he had gone off privately to England, and left the property to his care. This was thought extraordinary, as the settler was not in difficulties, and was a steady prudent individual; the affair, however, was almost forgotten, when one Saturday night another settler was returning with his horse and cart from market. On arriving at a part of the fence on the roadside, near the farm of his absent neighbour, he thought he saw him sitting on the fence; immediately the farmer pulled up his mare, hailed his friend, and, receiving no answer, got out of the cart and went towards the fence; his neighbour (as he plainly appeared) quitted the fence, and crossed the field towards a pond in the direction of his home which he supposed he had deserted. The farmer thought it strange, remounted his cart and proceeded home. The morning he went to the neighbour's cottage, expecting to see him; but saw only the overseer, who laughed at the story, and said that his master was then near England.

The circumstance was so strange, that the farmer went to the nearest justice of the peace, (I think it was to Penrith Bench,) related the above, and stated that he thought foul play had taken place.—A native black, who was (and I believe still is) attached to the station as a constable, was sent with some of the mounted police, and accompanied by the farmer to the rails where the latter thought he saw, the evening before, his deceased friend. The black was pointed out the spot, without slowing him the direction which the lost person apparently took after quitting the fence. On close inspection, a part of the upper rail was observed to be discoloured; it was scraped with a knife by the black, smelt, and tasted.—Immediately after, he crossed the fence and took a straight direction for the pond near the cottage; on its surface was a scum, which the black took up in a leaf, and after tasting and smelling, he declared it to be "WHITE MAN'S FAT." Several times, somewhat after the manner of a blood-hound, he coursed round the lake, at last darted into the neighbouring thicket, and stopped over a place containing some loose decayed brushwood. On removing this, he thrust down the ramrod of his peace into the earth, smelt it, and then desired the spectators to dig there. Instantly spades were brought from the cottage and the body of the absent settler was found, with skull fractured, and presenting every indication of having been some time immersed in water. The overseer, who was in possession of the property of the deceased, and who had invented the story of his departure for England, was committed to gaol, and tried for murder. The foregoing circumstantial evidence formed the main accusations. He was found guilty, sentenced to death, and proceeded to the scaffold protesting his innocence. Here, however, his hardihood forsook him; he acknowledged the murder of his late master; that he came behind him when he was crossing the rail on which the farmer thought he saw the deceased, and, with one blow on the head, felled him dead, dragged the body to the pond and threw it in; but, after some days, took it out again, and buried it where it was found. The sagacity of the native black was remarkable; but the unaccountable manner in which the murderer was discovered, is one of the inscrutable dispensations of Providence.—*Martin's Australia*

MR GREEN'S BALLOON.

It appears the late trip of Mr Green, mentioned by us last week, produced at the neighbouring village of Stranstead Mountfichet similar effects. That little spot of quiet and repose (Gentle Stanstead) shortly after nine o'clock on the eventful evening was thrown into disorder by the daring voyager. It appears that the village blacksmith's wife at the time stated uttered loud cries of "the world's at an end." After she had been tranquillized she gave the following account:—"Just before going to bed she opened the door to look, and the candle in her hand was suddenly extinguished, when the clouds opened, and a voice from one who descended upon her exclaimed, "Where am I?" Fortunately there were those near who succeeded in dispelling the poor woman's delusion.—Mr Green's height was not above 100 feet from the ground.

On Thursday evening last a singular scene occurred in Hockeril street at this place. About nine o'clock "Confusion worse confounded" proclaimed that the "Comet was coming down"—"the gas was blowing up"—"The world's at an end"—and so on. It happened that the Hon J. Hook, who had just ordered two pair of horses at the Crown Inn, and was waiting for the second carriage coming up to give some orders, made himself most praiseworthy active in quelling the fears of the timid, by assuring them it was Mr Green's balloon that had that evening ascended at Vauxhall. Mr Green in his late trip to Lynn, passed over the upper part of this street, and his light, with some kind of small firework he threw out, probably to attract had caused the uproar. It appears he was sailing very low, but in high spirits, as he could afford to be witty. "What county am I in?" inquired he. The above Hon gentleman answered "Hertfordshire, but you will directly be in Essex. Why don't you descend?" "Because I can't," said he, "I wish I could." Mr Hook

said he had seen many balloons, particularly in Japan and China, whose inhabitants excel in making them, but he never saw one progress so slowly. His height here was about 90 feet above the houses.—*Essex Standard.*

GERAGHTY'S KICK.—At the battle of Talavera when the hill on the left of the British lines had been retaken from the enemy, after the most obstinate and bloody fighting, the French continued to throw shells upon it with most destructive precision. One of those terrible instruments of death fell close to a party of grenadier belonging to the forty-fifth regiment who were standing on the summit of the hill. The fuse was burning rapidly, and a panic struck upon the minds of the soldiers, for they could not move away from the shell on account of the compact manner in which the troops stood; it was nearly consumed—every rapidly succeeding spark from it promised to be the last—all expected instant death—when Tom Geraghty, a tall raw-boned Irishman, ran towards the shell, crying out, "I'll have a kick for it, if it was to be my last," and with a determined push from his foot, sent the load of death whirling off the height. It fell amongst a column of men below, while Geraghty, leaning over the verge from whence it fell, with the most vigorous and good natured energy, bawled out "Mind your heads, boys, mind your heads!" Horror! the shell burst—it was over in a moment. At least twenty men were shattered to pieces by the explosion.

A young lady who had not received a very liberal education, or, rather, who had not profited by the opportunities afforded her in polite society, of making amends for the want of early instruction, was frequently guilty of vulgarisms in expression, which did not always pass unnoticed. She was invited to join a large party, and card tables being placed, she was asked if she would make one in a rubber at whist; she answered, with a curtsey, that she seldom played visk, that she played voxce, and then they von all she was worth, so she preferred KADRILL. A pool at quadrille was of course immediately formed, and after a deal or two, this lady having a better hand than usual, when it came to her turn to speak, said, "I AX."—"Bless me, madam!" said a wicked young spark, whose turn came next, "I had a most delightful hand, but your AX has cut it to pieces."

MATRIMONIAL ANECDOTE.—A Clergyman who had in the lottery of Matrimony drawn a share that proved to him worse than a blank, was just experiencing a severe scolding from his Xantippe, when he was called upon to unite a pair in the blessed state of wedlock. The poor priest actuated by his own feelings and EXPERIENCE, rather than by a sense of his canonical duties, opened the book and began "Man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of trouble, &c. repeating a part of the burial service. The astonished bridegroom exclaimed, "Sir, sir, you mistake; I came to be MARRIED, NOT BURIED." "Well!" replied the Clergyman, "if you insist on it, I am obliged to marry you, but believe me, my friend, you had better be BURIED."

A young woman meeting a Learned Doctor, in the square of a certain town, asked him where she might find a shop-keeper whom she wanted. The Doctor gave the following direction:—"Move your pedestrian digits along the diagonal of this rectangle, in a line perpendicular to the earth's equator, till you arrive at the junction of the two sides. Diverge then to the left, at right angles—PERGE for about fifty paces in that quadrangle, and you will have ocular demonstration of him, standing in an orifice made in an edifice for the purpose of illumination."

The mob in Edinburgh got it into their heads that the King sometimes appeared incog., and on one occasion, a wag made them believe that His Majesty was actually passing on foot across the North Bridge. A tall portly man, dressed in a brown surtout, was pointed out as the Sovereign, and immediately such a crowd collected round the astonished pedestrian that he could neither advance or retreat—neither move to the right nor left. At

first the man supposed they took him for a sharper in place of a King, but understanding at last the meaning of their plaudits, he appeared distressed and embarrassed beyond measure. Often he tried to speak, and as often his voice was drowned in a fresh huzza. At length, while pinned up in a corner, he exclaimed, "I beseech you, Gentlemen, that you will let me alone. You—you, were never more mistaken in your lives."—(Huzza, huzza, huzza.) "Upon my honour, Gentlemen, I am no King. I—I am a plain man like yourselves. I'm not even a Knight or Baronet."—Loud laughter.) After this candid confession the joke was smoked, and the prisoner set at liberty.

An anecdote has been repeatedly told to prove that Swift, with all imaginable piety in his heart, could not resist the temptation to indulge the peculiarity of his humour, when an opportunity offered whatever might be the impropriety of time and place; for having soon after his arrival at Laracor given public notice that he would read prayers every Wednesday and Friday, on the first of those days after he had summoned his congregation, he ascended the desk, and after sitting some time with no other auditor than his clerk Rogan, he rose up, and with a composure and gravity that upon this occasion, were irresistibly ridiculous began, "Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth you and me in sundry places," and so proceeded to the end of the service. The story is not quite complete. It is not, indeed, easy to account for this extraordinary fit of praying in Swift, in a parish consisting of not more than six or seven families, all of whom were necessarily busy with their different avocations during the week; unless he thought from the crowded attendance with which he was complimented on the Sundays, that his influence was so great, as to occasion at his nod, an entire cessation from all worldly care, and an interruption to every pursuit. The fact is, that when he went into the church, he found Roger alone, and exclaimed with evident surprise, "What Roger! none here but you?"—"Yes sir," replied Roger drily turning over the book to find the lessons for the day, "sure you are here too."

Swift dining one day with Mrs Fleming of Belleville, he complained that a leg of mutton, one of the dishes at table was full of maggots;—"Not half so full as your head Doctor," replied the lady drily. The Doctor was silent, and did not rally for the remainder of the evening.

There happened while Swift was at Laracor, the sale of a farm and stock, the farmer being dead. Swift chanced to walk past during the auction just as a pen of poultry had been put up; Roger bid for them, and was overbid by a farmer of the name of HATCH; "What Roger, won't you buy the poultry?" exclaimed Swift. "No Sir," said Roger, "I see they are just A-GOING TO HATCH."

TO BE LET.

In search of a lodging Dick wander'd along,
His eyes to the right and left rolling;
In hopes he might see some genteel-looking bill,
Which might prove the NE PLUS of his strolling.
At length he beheld wafer'd over a knocker,
A paper of longitude scant:
"A singil bak rome for a singil yung man"
Cries Dick, just the thing that I want!
He raps, is admitted: a sprightly young girl
Comes forth his kind pleasure to know:
Trips smiling before him up three pair of stairs
"The singil bak rome" for to show.
Dick admired her white neck, her neat ankle and shape,
Her eyes that beam'd love's kindling spirit;
Twin'd his arm round her waist, and joyously exclaim'd
"Are you, my dear girl, to let with it?"
She repli'd with a smile most enchantingly sweet,
Where mirth, love and held their throne
"The room's to be let for a shilling a week
But I am to be let sir alone."

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