

POETRY.

FAME.

BY W. O. WYNNE.

Say, who would court the bubble fame,
The fleeting vision of an hour?
A breathing nothing, airy name,
As passing as an April shower.
'Tis like the harp's last-dying swell,
That flung around its magic tones;
A moment on the ear it fell,
Then sunk like autumn's withering moan.

'Tis like the dread night-meteor's glare,
That leads to lure o'er trackless wild:
Delusive phantom of the air!
Thou lead'st man as the sportive child
Is led by painted flowers to roam,
Or chase the gaudy summer fly,
Till wean'd by pleasure from his home,
'Mid howling storms from friends to die!

The hero courts his flickering blaze,
Fann'd by ambition's sweeping breath;
Say, can he hear his country's praise
Entomb'd in dust, subdu'd by death?
Can fame emerge his wither'd hand—
Call back the vigour once that hur'd,
When vengeance wav'd the conquering brand,
A slave or despot from the world?

Ah, no! his warfare now is done;
Yet for his toils shall Time record
Vain trophies in the battle won—
A shatter'd shield, a broken sword.
The patriot, too, whose soul could dare
The downfall of oppression's laws,
Will proudly claim his feeble share
Of fame—a sate's loud applause.

Quench'd is the spark that oft would soar,
On freedom's pinions borne along;
Of gaping crowd and rabble's roar,
Vain idol, and the theme of song—
Now buried in the gulph of years;
No record yields his silent grave;
A broken urn alone appears,
Like wreck on ocean's boundless wave.

The poet's name shall pass away,
Forgotten be his choicest theme,
Like rosy clouds at closing day,
As shadowy as his own bright dream.
Now torn the once gay-woven wreath,
Twin'd for the crest of hero brave;
And mute the lips that once would breathe
A requiem on the poet's grave.

Man's life is but a passing dream
Of joy and sunshine, blight and care;
Joy transient as a rainbow gleam,
And dimm'd by storms of dark despair.
Who seeks renown?—who fights for fame,
That fetid fame by mortals given?
Fight in the cause that wins a name
Recorded in the lists of Heaven!

SELECTIONS.

VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.—Achille Murat, son of the celebrated King of Naples, in his recently published *Essays, Moral and Political, on the United States of N. A.* gives an account of the changes of fortune experienced by a New England carpenter, who, like the Americans in general, had been well educated, and who, had he remained at home, would, probably have been a carpenter for life. This person left his native town, and went to one of the new counties of the West, to establish himself on the banks of one of their great rivers as a builder. Although without capital, he found no difficulty in contracting for the erection, first of private houses, and afterwards of public edifices, on credit. His workmen were paid on credit at his inn or boarding-house. In spite of these disadvantages the builder began to thrive; he bought a piece of land, built mills and manufactories upon it, and so became a miller and manufacturer. With his first cargo he went to New Orleans, and was there induced to enter on other speculations. He purchased a steam-boat for the convenience of his trade, and ultimately established himself as a merchant in that city of the union. A great speculation soon presented itself, on which he readily entered, and, in consequence of an error in his calculations, he lost all that he possessed. There was nothing to prevent him, however, from beginning the world again. Being known as a man of enterprise, he soon found an individual, or a company, who confided to him, first the direction of a timber yard, then the management of a plantation, afterwards the erection of a house, and finally, the command of a steam-vessel. In the course of these changes he was not idle. The savings of his salary he applied to the purposes of speculation, and at the end of a couple of years, was able to start once more from a higher point than that at which he had first set out on leaving his native town. He set up an inn, and undertook, in addition, to contract for the execution of works of all sorts. He made himself exceedingly popular, was elected, first an officer of militia, and in succession, a justice of the peace, a member of the state legislature, and, finally, a member of Congress. Finding himself admired as a public speaker, he resolved to cultivate his newly-discovered talent. During the interval of two sessions, he applied himself to the study of the law, and, before the last meeting of Congress, was regularly called to the bar. In the mean time, while thus applying himself

to the business of the state, his own affairs were neglected. He was, once more, reduced to poverty, and had the mortification to find that he was not re-elected to his seat in the legislature. He applied himself, however, with zeal, to the practice of his new profession, and with corresponding success; he became a director of the Bank of the United States, the governor of his native state, and ended his career as a judge in one of the Supreme Courts in Washington.

ROMANTIC LEGEND.—We copy the following legend from Lord Nugent's new work, entitled *Legends of the Library at Lilies*. It must be premised, that the youthful couple had been separated by an intrigue of an ambitious mother, which led to a mutual belief of the other's inconstancy. On the eve of the day which was now fixed for their marriage, they walked together alone, till the moon had risen high above their heads. As they were returning to the residence of Aline, Hypolite drew her towards the church, in which, when a few hours more should have elapsed, those vows were to be exchanged between them, which would unite their fates indissolubly, and for ever. They entered, and, passing up the main aisle, approached the tomb of the Belle Chanoinesse. The faint beams of the lamp, which was suspended before the high altar, fell upon the recumbent statue. Hypolite's arm was round the slender waist of his companion. 'Aline' said he, 'you must admire the calm and melancholy beauty of the Belle Chanoinesse; you must love this monument for my sake. Aline, it was but yesterday, you asked me what had soothed my spirits into patience under my affliction:—who had been my friend, my comforter? The midnight silence of this church, that steady, constant flame, shedding a glimpse, like that of memory, over the scene of the past day's busy turmoil,—the deep repose of this beauteous statue, so like that which she sought and found, the peace which this world cannot give, and never can disturb,—all these were long my comforters. Night after night I have lingered here. This has been my bed Aline,' continued he, placing his spread hand on the cold stone which formed the table for the marble figure: 'here have I rested whenever I could find rest; there was my kind, my constant friend; (he touched the forehead of the figure with his lips as he spoke,) 'here was the patient listener to the story of my woes, the silent monitor, even the bride who welcomed me, when, as I thought, I was abandoned by my living bride, by my Aline! Her hands are joined in prayer; look at them, dear love; they are closed upon the ring which I had prepared to wed you. Betrayed by you as I then believed I was, I gave to this cold bride that ring, with many a vow, that, since you were false, no living one should ever claim me as her lord. It soothed my wounded heart, my wayward fancy, to lie beside her on this monumental stone; to call it my nuptial couch! You weep, Aline! Nay, dry your tears, I am wrong to move you thus; and tears enough have already fallen on these cold stones. But we will weep no more; and to-morrow's blessed dawn, Aline, shall begin a life of smiles for both of us.' 'Why did you bring me here, dear Hypolite?' said the fair girl; 'why did you bring me here? Indeed, indeed, we have had our share of melancholy. My heart sickens at the remembrance of grief, it yearns for happiness: and this scene, with all that it recalls of your past sufferings, gives me a pang which you ought not to inflict. It is, at least, unnecessary now. Hypolite, 'tis strange, but I am jealous of that marble figure. You came to her for comfort, when you thought your Aline false. You came to her because she could not change. You found here a silent welcome, but it was changeless; and her bosom was to you less cold than that which had so lately cast you away. Oh, Hypolite! if you loved her, how must you have hated me?' 'Sweet Aline,' returned Hypolite, 'how can I chide you for such jealousy? Oh, no! It tells me of the warm, true love, that lives for me within your faithful, your wronged heart. But you also must acknowledge the motive which drew me to this spot—to La Belle Chanoinesse. It was true and ardent love for you that made me forswear all other solace than what this peaceful semblance of death could promise me. To-morrow, Aline!—to-morrow!—Hark! what noise is that? Who spoke?—Who laughed?' With a slight shudder, Aline clung to her lover, and both paused, and listened again to catch the sound. It was not repeated. 'Aline,' said Hypolite, pressing the trembling girl to his bosom, 'Aline, we will go. We have been overheard, and what we have said has appeared fit subject for merriment to some one whose heart is free from care and kindly feeling.' 'It was no laugh,' replied Aline; and she clung still closer to his breast. 'Hypolite it was no laugh! At least no merriment was there. 'Tis said, idiots will laugh when they see others weep. I could fancy such ill-fitted mirth, a sound so lacking sense and sympathy, in the wild noise we heard. I tremble still. Yes; let us hasten hence, dear Hypolite. It is a childish wish of mine; but, would that we were to meet to-morrow in any other church than this! Once already, here, have our fond hopes been crossed.—Oh! may they not again be so deceived!

And now, the morning came. The church was crowded with smiling faces, and the bride and bridegroom stood before the altar, to receive the blessing to which every bosom was eager to respond. It was a sultry September morning, and the gay assembly drew no sad presage from the gathering darkness of the atmosphere, which seemed to portend a stormy day. The distant thunder growled, and sheets of faint summer lightning flickered at interval against the purple canopy which gradually deepened along the sky. The priest was proceeding to pronounce the final benediction, and the hands of the betrothed were already joined together, when a sudden and tremendous shock of an earthquake rocked the whole edifice to its foundations. The words broke off. The congregation were panic-struck; many sunk on the pavement with fear; some rushed to the doors to escape the threatening peril; but few had time to issue forth, before a second shock came, and then a third, to which the high altar, and that part on which it stood, bowed and sunk with a tremendous crash. The loud shrieks of hundreds were heard, mingled with the roar of the crumbling edifice; a stifling cloud of dust arose, and, when it cleared away, nearly a one-third portion of the church lay in a mighty and confused mass of ruins. All those who had been near the altar had, at the first alarm, taken refuge in that part which still stood. As the trembling crowds assembled in the streets, all were found safe and unhurt—all but one. The bridegroom was missing! In vain did his name pass from mouth to mouth. All search was vain. Vain were the hopes that he might yet be found alive, among the lighter upper fragments of the chancel wall. He was seen no more till several days after, when the workmen, who, since that fatal morning, had incessantly laboured to effect a passage to where the altar had stood, found the pavement broken into the vaults, over part of which the monument of the Belle Chanoinesse had been built, and which now, together with the statue, was in fragments. The body of the poor young man was discovered, uncrushed and unwounded. It appeared as though he had died from suffocation under one of the low arches of a stone grave, which had not fallen in. His body was stretched out tranquilly in death; and near it lay a small skeleton, which had been buried there, probably centuries before. A plain gold ring, of modern workmanship, was on his bony hand."

SLAVES.—The manner of purchasing slaves is thus described in the plain and unaffected narrative of a German merchant:—The girls were introduced to me one after another. A Circassian maiden, eighteen years old, was the first who presented herself; she was well dressed, and her face was covered with a veil. She advanced towards me, bowed down, and kissed my hand. By order of her master she walked backwards and forwards to show her shape and the easiness of her gait and carriage. When she took off her veil, she displayed a bust of the most attractive beauty; she rubbed her cheeks with a wet napkin, to prove she had not used art to heighten her complexion, and she opened her inviting lips to show a set of teeth of pearly whiteness. I was permitted to feel her pulse, that I might be convinced of the good state of her health and constitution. The price of this beautiful girl was four thousand piastres.—*Murray's Byron*.

CURIOUS EXPEDIENT.—It is related of the late eccentric and witty Lord Norbury, that once, when he was presiding in one of the Irish Criminal Courts, the Registrar complained to him that witnesses were in the habit of stealing the Testament after they had been sworn upon it. "Never mind," said his Lordship, "if the rascals read the book it will do them more good than the petty larceny may do them mischief. However, if they are not afraid of the cord, hang your gospel in chains, and that, perhaps, by reminding the fellows of the fate of their fathers and grandfathers, may make them behave themselves." This strange expedient was adopted, and the Testament remained afterwards secure.

WONDERFUL INVENTION.—A watchmaker, of the name of Buschmann, living at Eisenberg, not far from Attenburg in Saxony, has contrived a piece of machinery, which, without the assistance of steam, has been found strong enough to move a heavily laden wagon, placed in a fresh-ploughed field, with the greatest ease, although sixteen horses could not stir it. The machine may be easily handled, and the vehicle moved by it most safely managed. The inventor has been offered 200,000 dollars for the secret; but as he had obtained patents from all the principal German governments, he has refused all offers.

THE DREAM FULFILLED.—The following strange story is related in "Recollections of the late Mrs. Piozzi" (just published):—A prelate of our church, much admired for his fine understanding, talents, and political liberality, was one day proceeding to take an airing with his wife in her carriage. Just at their setting out, their eldest son, a highly educated and promising young man, rode up, and desired to be of the party inside.

This the bishop peremptorily refused to allow, directing his son, by all means to remain on horseback, and ride at the side of the carriage. The youth for a moment remonstrated, but his father insisted and was cheerfully obeyed. The bishop's lady then begged his lordship to tell her why he so resolutely adhered to his determination of not admitting his son to a seat with them; adding, that in a matter of such indifference he might have yielded. But the father replied that he had not acted without a reason; for that he had been tormented by a dream the night before, when he imagined that he saw his son suddenly thrown from his horse and killed; and that through fear of thinking himself superstitious for the rest of his days, he had persevered in refusing his son's request. The bishop had scarcely spoken the words, when the horse, on which his much-loved son was riding, threw the young man to the ground, and he was killed on the spot.

IMPORTANCE OF FEMALE CULTIVATION.—How shall a woman without judgment know how to set about such an important work? How shall she teach a child morality, if she herself possess no moral knowledge? How shall she give the political bias which leans to high and lofty self-sacrificing deeds, if she have no political knowledge to guide her? Scoff not, ye heretics, at political knowledge in women! Think first how they are commonly swayed by political feelings of mere party! Watch an election, and behold the power of woman exerted for mischievous or absurd purposes, on account of their ignorance, and then think how much good their influence might accomplish were they rightly instructed. They might be made to further the progress of good by their influence, as readily as the progress of evil. Let that consideration strike ye dumb, and check your unhallowed mockery.—*Junius Redivivus*.

NEW ORLEANS SOCIETY.—This city, M. Murat says, presents a complete contrast to all the other cities of the Union. Here, there is no education or intelligence, and, of course, no conversation, learned, literary, or intellectual. There are, he says, but three booksellers in a town containing 60,000 inhabitants, and their stores are filled with the trash and the refuse of French literature. But if they do not talk, they eat, dance, make love, and play. *Les bals de quartier-ones*, he describes as quite peculiar to New Orleans, the free colour being admitted to have the honour of dancing with their lords, the whites, while men of the shade are rigorously excluded. It is a most extraordinary spectacle to see several hundred young women, all extremely handsome, and every variety of tint, from that of *cafe a creme*, to the most delicate *blonde*, assembled in the magnificent drawing-rooms of New Orleans, to exhibit the vernal graces to the fashionable society of that dissipated and voluptuous city. The gaming-houses of New Orleans are also numerous, and have become the ruin of many of the young men of Kentucky, who go to spend their carnival in this Babylon of the West.

ANECDOTE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S INFANCY.—At the age of two years, it seems, he was placed under the charge of a nurse-maid, and sent to his grand-uncle's in the country, for the benefit of his health, he being then in a very feeble and rickety state. "My ailments, however," he went on to relate, "were nearly being brought to a speedy conclusion, for my nurse, whose head appears to have been turned by some love craze or other, resolved to put me to death. In this view, she carried me to the moors, and, having laid me on the heather, pulled out her scissors, and made the necessary preparations for cutting my throat." "Well, sir," said I, astounded at the cool manner in which he described the process, "what deterred her?" "I believe," replied he, "that the infant smiled in her face, and she could not go on."—*Hall's Fragments of Voyages and Travels, Third Series*.

THE GRATEFUL BEGGAR.—"You saved my life on one occasion," said a beggar to a captain under whom he had served. "Saved your life?" replied the officer; "do you think that I am a doctor?" "No," answered the man; "but I served under you in the battle of —; and when you ran away, I followed, and thus my life was preserved."—*Treatise on Happiness*.

Miravaux was one day accosted by a sturdy beggar, who asked alms of him. "How is this," inquired Miravaux, "that a lusty fellow like you are unemployed?" "Ah!" replied the beggar, looking very piteously at him, "if you did but know how lazy I am!" The reply was so ludicrous and unexpected that Miravaux gave the fellow a piece of silver.—*Ibid*.

FREAKS OF ROYALTY.—James I., in a capricious mood, threatened the Lord Mayor with removing the seat of royalty, the meetings of Parliament, &c., from the capital.—"Your Majesty, at least," replied the mayor, "will be graciously pleased to leave us the River Thames."—*Mirror*.

Printed and Published by D. E. GILMOUR, at the Star Office, Carbonar, Newfoundland, to whom all Communications must be addressed.—Subscription, ONE GUINEA PER ANNUM payable half-yearly.