

*My feelings are those mystic kind,  
Which human tongue bath ne'er defined ;  
'Tis something with my spirit fraught,  
Which makes me love thee but in thought.*

[“*Whack fa lorel—whack fa lorel la.*”

Or

“*Down, down, derry down.*”]

I seek not to disturb thy breast,  
Of thee I seek not “love’s” bequest :  
But pray th’ Eternal High,  
That thou may’st own his fost’ring care,  
His promises and blessings share,  
And keep thee still my fancy’s child,  
To soothe me on misfortune’s wild,  
Or make thou e’er my pharos bright,  
To guide my wand’ring steps aright,  
Or planet of my sky.

[“*Whack fa lorel—whack fa lorel la.*”

Or

*Down, down derry’down, down derry down.*]

BETA.

Having dismissed “Beta,” we trust not for ever, we proceed to some pretty verses by E. W.—whose “*Epitaph on a Child,*” in the present number, will be recognised as from the pen of a countryman of Tom Moore :

HOW OFT.

1

How oft have I cursed in the hour of my grief,  
All the causes that wake love’s emotion,  
And sigh’d for my passion-wreck’d spirit’s relief,  
A home on the desolate ocean :

2

Where nature around, like my heart, would be drear,  
’Mid the dangers of death I would face them :  
For the meteors of love never there might appear,  
To lure the young fancy to chase them.

3

This feeling, I ween, I would gladly repress,  
While on CORA I gaze with devotion,  
If she with her love would my destiny bless,  
I would ne’er sigh again for the ocean.

4

Yes, I gaze on the star in my day-dream I’ve sought,  
To guide me oe’r life’s dreary ocean,  
From whose light all its warmth my cold bosom hath caught,  
Now re-wakening love’s still emotion.

E. W.

The next production we draw forth is a dissertation on Quacks and Conjurers. Though rather lengthy, it may serve somewhat to amuse the reader :

A LETTER ON QUACKERY.

SIR—Perhaps there might not be either profit or pleasure in reverting to the times when the absurd notion of witchcraft prevailed in the minds of the ignorant, and I had almost said of the wise too—and that to such an extent, that if anything unlucky happened to take place, some poor old demented female was sought out, who by way of a scapegoat, had to bear the stigma and most likely the punishment of crimes which she was incapable of committing.

Neither should we gain much by conning over the case of the gypsies—their *race* being run and their character well known. There is another class of superhumans, not quite so obsolete, because in some places they still retain some little celebrity—but they too are fast dying away ; I mean the Conjurers. I can well recollect the time when every little village had its man of magic, who could tell where stray cattle had taken up their abode, and what new master the favourite spaniel had engaged with, and what boys had robbed the orchards, and what petty thief had entered the dwelling at dead of night and carried off the items of cash, and knives, forks, spoons, &c. I well remember one of these gentry, who informed a lady for the small reward of five shillings where her lost wedding ring was. And where could it be ? In the moon ? O, no ! It was—well it was in the stomach of the lady’s lap dog ! But how could it have come there ? The conjurer could not tell that, but he assured the lady that it was certainly there,—and the dog, dear fellow, he had to die for it, and then it was demonstrated that the lady’s ring was actually embalmed in its stomach. Murder, however, will out,—and time which makes discoveries of great events, accidentally brought to light that the man of magic had given the ring to the dog in a piece of bread and butter, and that circumstance affected his celebrity ever after. Another man of magic in the same town, which I could name if required, happened to be amazingly fond of roast rabbit, which were occasionally caught in the neighbourhood where he resided. Now some mischievous boys, under the ostensible motive of testing his magical powers, were wicked enough to skin a cat, and to place it to roast in such a situation as they presumed would attract the attention of the man of occult knowledge ; and strange