

## POETRY.

## WEEP NOT FOR HIM THAT DIETH.

Weep not for him that dieth—  
For he sleeps and is at rest;  
And the couch whereon he lieth  
Is the green earth's quiet breast:  
But weep for him that pineth  
On a fair land's hateful shore,  
Who wearily declineth  
Where ye see his face no more!

Weep not for him that dieth,  
For friends are round his bed,  
And many a young lip sigheth  
When they name the early dead:  
But weep for him that liveth  
Where none will know or care,  
When the groan his faint heart giveth  
Is the last sigh of despair.

Weep not for him that dieth,  
For his struggling soul is free,  
And the world from which it fieth  
Is a world of misery:  
But weep for him that weareth  
The captive's galling chain:  
To the agony he beareth,  
Death were but little pain.

Weep not for him that dieth,  
For he hath ceased from tears,  
And a voice to his replieth  
Which he hath not heard for years:  
But weep for him that weepeth  
On that cold land's cruel shore—  
Blest, blest is he that sleepeth,  
Weep for the dead no more!

Continued from first page.

less circuit; but at that time all the ports of the Continent were shut against us, and Denmark alone remained neutral. To Denmark therefore, it was necessary to go. I do not mean to detain the reader with the thousand difficulties that beset our heroine in passing from Denmark through Holstein, by Hamburg, Bremen, Minden, (onced with slaughter, although then

All bloodless lay the untrodden snow.) Cassel, Franckfort, Heidelberg, (ten times renowned for its tun of Rhenish,) until she set foot in the pretty States of Baden. It is sufficient to say that she arrived there, and found, without much difficulty, the house of Mr. Villeneuve, who had married the sister of her friend De Mercet, and who, with his wife, received her with distinguished kindness. M. Villeneuve lived at Baden in great retirement; free from all suspicion, however, the names of himself and family having been erased from the list of emigrants, and some portion of his property restored; but not without anxiety concerning his son Henri, whose imagination had taken fire at the splendid exploits of Napoleon, and who himself had rushed into the French ranks, and had already risen to the dignity of serjeant. 'He is not far from us,' said Madame Villeneuve, 'which comforts me, although he complains bitterly of being appointed to guard the English prisoners, which he calls a degrading service.' It may be easily supposed that our heroine's curiosity was stimulated by this piece of news. She restrained her curiosity, however, and made the necessary inquiry with apparent indifference. 'And your son, Madame? He is at —?' 'He is at present at the fortress of Bitche,' replied Madame Villeneuve, 'where refractory prisoners are sent. The principal depot is, as you know, at Verdun, which is farther from us.'

'Sophia treasured up the information thus acquired, and resolved to take Bitche by stratagem or storm. She continued for a day or two asking what the lawyers call "leading questions;" but at last the natural candour of her spirit rejected this system of policy. "I cannot go on thus, my kind friends," said she; "I cannot, and I ought not to go on thus. I am deceiving you, and it is fit that all should be plain between us. I am journeying to Verdun—to Bitche—to wherever else it is likely that a friend of mine (a young English officer) is detained. He is imprisoned, he is unhappy. I will find him—I will travel all France but I will find and rescue him,—and here the simpleton burst into a passion of tears. M. Villeneuve looked somewhat serious at this piece of information. He did not wish, to say truth, to implicate himself and his family in an adventure which seemed to exceed rashness itself. He had been an exile once, and stripped of all his patrimony, and he had no desire—with a son to succeed him—to put himself and his estates in jeopardy again. He was under something like a tacit promise, too, to a friend who had promised to answer for his good conduct; and under the influence of all these things, he strenuously dissuaded our heroine from proceeding farther on her travels. His persuasions, however, were vain. The sole hope of many months was not to be thus abandoned; and, therefore, after the delay of a few more days, which were occupied partly in obtaining a passport, and in purchasing a variety of small wares and trinkets, (in order to enable her to traverse the country in the character of an itinerant trader,) she bade adieu to her kind hosts, and set off, by the public conveyance, to Kehl.

"It was almost dusk when Sophy Ellemere trod, for the first time, upon the bridge of boats over which the traveller enters

Strasbourg. Strasbourg, famous for its snuff, its bells, and its cathedral, had, however, but few charms for our heroine. She accordingly, after having answered the challenge of the sentinel, (who patted her cheek, and let down the wiry muscles of his face into a smile,) and delivered her passport, which authorized Sophie Mercet to travel through various places, enumerating among others, Bitche and Verdun, took up her abode at a humble place of entertainment, and dreamed of success till morning.

"With the first blush of a September sun she quitted Strasbourg, bade adieu to the beautiful Rhine, and after travelling for a couple of days, arrived on the second evening upon the high land which overlooks the fortress and town of Bitche.

"The town of Bitche is situate in the department of the Moselle, about forty English miles (as the crow flies) from Strasbourg. It is commanded by its gloomy fortress, a place famous for its strength, as well as remarkable for having been the prison of many Englishmen who had endeavoured to escape from the confinement of Verdun.—This fortress, which is half buried in a dark looking wood, and which, with its drawbridges and other securities, presents any thing but a pleasant aspect, seemed to the poor way-worn Sophy the haven where her weary voyage was at last to end. She was, it must be owned, a little staggered by the stern appearance of the place; and it occurred to her that a fortress, which had opposed successfully twenty thousand Prussian soldiers, would scarcely yield to the attack of a single maiden. But she considered too, that things that had resisted a *coup de main*, had at last been undermined by gold, or had yielded to the persevering efforts of human ingenuity. Above all, the desire of success rose up and flushed her cheek, till bars, and bolts, and chains, and drawbridges and strong holds, gave way one after the other before that unquenchable, irresistible spirit of *Hope*, which burns without dying in the youthful heart.

"In this state of mind she proceeded till she found herself on the banks of the small lake which lies on one side of the fortress, and in which the bastions and turrets glass themselves, and seem to pore over their own stern and imposing aspects with all the vanity of unquestionable power. The lake—I do not know its name—forms, I believe, the source of the little river La Blise; which, falling into the Sarre, soon after swells the current of the Moselle, and thus finally mingles with the famous rapids of the Rhine.—On this lake Sophy found various persons casting their nets, (fish forming an article of commerce with some of the inhabitants of Bitche), whilst others, chiefly females, were waiting on its banks. The evening was closing, and our heroine was without a lodging. She scrutinized, therefore, the countenances of several of the women near her; and at last, fixing her eyes on a broad, open, sunny-faced dame, who stood grinning at the approach of a boat which contained (apparently) her husband, she mentioned her forlorn situation. 'I have no home,' said she; 'I am wandering—I know not where—after one whom I love.'—'Ciel!' exclaimed the other; 'no home? no home? You must come with us. You shall come with us. You are welcome. You shall have a dish of perch for your supper—and we have a bed too, which is yours. Come along, come along! Here is our Bernard as impatient as ever, although he has got his net full of fish.' Bernard the fisherman landed, and after some good-natured peevish exclamations on the inattention of his wife, he broke out into a loud laugh, kissed both her cheeks, and confirmed the welcome which his wife had previously given, with an alacrity, and even grace, that would have done honor to a court.

"Our heroine accompanied the old couple home, and found that their hospitality did not content itself with words. The best of their homely fare was offered—was pressed upon her. She was invited to stay a week—a month—a year: why need she ever leave them? There was enough for all.—They had no children, and needle-work found many purchasers in the neighbourhood of the town of Bitche. Sophy listened to all they said with a patient smile, but her heart wandered away after the imprisoned soldier whom she had travelled so many leagues to enfranchise. It was her cue, however, to stay at present at the home of the fisherman; and she did not think it right indeed to give an ungracious and sudden refusal to the proffers of the good-natured couple. She would stay a short time with them. She would consider. She could not remain at Bitche for ever—but she would rest her unquiet spirit a little, and would wait for a smile from Providence. And accordingly she remained with them during several days, ripening in favour with both, and obtaining, from time to time, amidst the desultory conversations which occurred between Bernard and his neighbours, some little insight into the rules and secrets of the fortress. Neither did she neglect other means of obtaining information. She would take her little basket of wares, and go her rounds amongst the tradesmen and cottagers of the town, and sometimes ventured into the cabarets and other places where the sol-

diers were allowed to resort, when not upon actual duty.

"It was on one of these occasions that she came suddenly on a group of French soldiers, who stood chattering together at the door of a small inn, about half musket-shot distance from the fortress. One of the heroes had just completed his harangue as our little Quixote arrived. He was a good-humoured looking fellow, and bore marks of service upon him. A gash across the nose, a medal, and the ornaments of a non-commissioned officer, showed that he had made one sturdy step up the hill of fortune.—'Well, well, Monsieur from Picardy,' replied one of his companions, 'we shall see, we shall see. It is your turn to mount guard to-night.' Sophy listened to these words attentively. Madame de Mercet was a native of Picardy, and she had taught her one or two of her native airs. Her presence of mind instantly suggested that these might be of use. She began, and threw all her powers into a song and succeeded. Our Picardian was captivated in a moment. He stood by her as she sang, and tapped his fingers on his arm in accordance with the tune. Tears stood in his eyes, (for a Frenchman is soon moved by these little national reminiscences,) and our heroine might have risen speedily in his confidence and favour.

"But it was desirable to preserve her trading character, and she accordingly repressed her curiosity till a better moment should arrive. She turned to his companions and accosted them, 'Messieurs,' said she, curtsying, 'will you not lay out a trifle with a poor girl? Gentlemen soldiers,' continued she, 'will you not give me a sous piece for charity?'

"'Bah!' said one, 'we have enough to do with our money. Give, too! *Sacre!* what are eight sous a day to give with?' He smoked on with a frown that was rigidly philosophical.

"'Come hither,' said the Corporal, whose name was Jouvett. 'Come hither, my little girl, and tell me what you want, and where you are going?'

"'I am going to see my—my lover, Sir,' was the reply.

"'Ho, ho, ho!' This was too much for the gravity of the republican heroes; even the smoker could not contain a smile; but the Picardian viewed her with increased interest.

"'Soh!' said he, 'and where is your lover, Marie? is not your name Marie, my child?'

"'I am called Sophie, Sir,' answered our heroine, 'and I am going to Verdun, and afterwards to Tours. My friend is a soldier, —poor fellow!'

"'Poor fellow!' said the smoker, turning round; 'Do you call a man poor fellow who fights under the First Consul? You are a fool.'

"'A fond one, at all events,' replied he of Picard, 'and that is enough for me.—Come along, my Demoiselle; I must call at the house of Bernard the Fisherman—walk by me—I am old enough to save you from scandal. Let us walk together to Bernards, and you shall tell me your story by the way.'

"But let us hasten with our tale, or we shall become (if we have not already become) tedious. Our heroine used her time effectually in opening a correspondence with Dacre, who she discovered was in the prisons of Bitche, and in planning, in concert with him, his escape. She made acquaintance with the soldiers, many of whom bought of her some trifle as tokens of their good will, some purchasing cigars, others little buckles and pins, and ornaments, or casts and prints of the First Consul and his coadjutors, besides various other matters wherein she dealt. Some of these men admired her face, and some her songs, and all her cheerful willing nature. Many, as I have said, laid out money with her; but I must except one hero. M. Blaise, who, as it chanced, was a Picardian, like our friend Jouvett, but otherwise was his opposite in all things—saving only in his love of songs.

"It is impossible to say how many times our little patient girl sang, for this rogue's pleasure, various airs of Picardy. She sang, and was encored, and sang again, till the musketeer was moved into mighty commendations; but still he would not part with his coin. One night, however, his desire for pleasure overcame this engrossing love for money.

"'If you will bring me a skin of wine to the north rampart to-night,' said he, '(I shall be on guard there, and will fasten it to a cord, which I will throw across the moat.) I will lay out a double franc piece with you, Mademoiselle. Come! you shall bring it, and sing me a Picardy air.'

"Sophy, who was by this time prepared to take advantage of any occasion, however sudden, of forwarding her lover's escape, gradually assented.

"But your Governor will not allow wine at night?' said she, inquiringly.

"'N'importe,' returned the valiant Blaise, 'we will drink his health notwithstanding.'

"No more objections were made by our heroine, who immediately proceeded to the house of a woman who did work for the fortress, and through whom she contrived to apprise Dacre that the time had arrived for attempting his liberation. To purchase a

skin of wine, and dissolve in it some opium which she had stored up from time to time was all the preparation that Sophy required. Ropes and such things had been previously purchased, and the route of escape arranged.

"It was hard upon midnight when our heroine, trembling for the first time from head to foot, arrived by the side of the moat, where it circles the north rampart. The skies were almost obscured by vast masses of cloud, and the wailing winds, as they came over the gloomy forest, dashed occasionally a few drops of rain in her face. It was a night fit for such an adventure, and Blaise was there ready (though he knew it not) to forward it. The signal agreed on was a Picardy song; for the soldier's love of music more than rivalled his love of wine.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## SELECTIONS.

A BOY'S LETTER.—The following specimen of a boy's letter is from *Hood's Comic Annual* for 1832. There is such a truth of character in it—so much of that spirit of drollery, mixed with mischief, which often prevails in the young human being of the male sex—that we cannot help declaring it to be, in its own words, "capital fun." The letter proceeds from a country boy, to what the polite letter writer would call "his friend in town."

"Now, Bob, I'll tell you what I want. I want you to come down here for the holidays. Don't be afraid. Ask your sister to ask your mother to ask your father to let you come. It's only ninety mile. If you're out of pocket money, you can walk, and beg a lift now and then, or swing by the dickeys. Put on Cordroys, and don't care for the cut behind. The two 'prentices George and Will are here to be made farmers of; and brother Nick is taken home from school, to help in agriculture. We like farming very much; it's capital fun. Us four have got a gun to go out shooting; it's a famous good un, and sure to go off if you don't fook cock it. Tiger is to be our shooting dog, as soon as he has left off killing the sheep. He's a real savage, and worries cats beautiful. Before father comes down, we mean to bait our bull with him. There's plenty of New Rivers about, and we're going a fishing as soon as we have mended our top joint. We've killed one of our sheep on the sly, to get gentles. We've a pony, too, to ride upon, when we can catch him; but he's loose in the paddock, and has neither mane nor tail to signify to lay hold of. Isn't it prime, Bob? You *must* come. If your mother won't give your father leave to allow you—run away.—Remember you turn up Goswell Street to go to Lincolnshire, and ask for Middlefen Hall. There's a pond full of frogs, but we won't pelt them till you come; but let it be before Sunday, as there's our own orchard to rob, and the fruit's to be gathered on Monday. If you like sucking raw eggs, we know where the hens lay, and mother don't; and I'm bound there's lots of bird's nests.—Do come, Bob, and I'll shew you the wasp's nest, and every thing that can make you comfortable. I dare say you could borrow your father's volunteer musquet of him without his knowing of it; but be sure any how to bring the ramrod, as we have mislaid our's by firing it off."

A HINT TO LEGACY HUNTERS.—By stat. 20 G. II. c. 26, if any person who has a legacy left him by a will, is a witness to that will, such legacy is null and void. Hence, it is not uncommon for a testator, if he has reason to suppose that any person has expectations from him after his decease, which he (the testator) has neither expressed nor entertained an intention of realizing, to call in that very individual with a request to become one of his subscribing witnesses; which request, whether the expectant comply or not, serves to convey what is termed a *broad hint* to him of the futility of his hopes.—*Powell's Advice to Testators.*

CHINA.—The present Emperor of China, who employs his leisure hours in literary pursuits, is now superintending the printing of a familiar, or conversational dictionary, in the Chinese language, which it is calculated will extend to the enormous number of 168 thousand volumes; 2,708 persons are constantly employed in editing this work. An old Chinese Encyclopedia is extant, consisting of 6,000 volumes, of which 68 alone are devoted to music.—*Literary Gazette.*

THE FIRST ENGLISH ADMIRAL.—King Alfred was the first English king who established a naval force; and as he went out with his first fleet himself, he may, without impropriety, be considered the first English admiral. He invited into his navy not Frieslanders alone, who were probably at the time his allies, but adventurers of whatever nation, who were willing to forsake a piratical course of life.—*Lardner's Cyclopaedia.—Naval History of England.*

James Smith was asked, the other day, if Waterloo Bridge was a losing concern or not. "Go over it, and you'll be *toll'd*, was the reply.

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.