

POETRY.

TO THE WIND.

Wind of the winter night, whence comest thou,  
And whither, oh! whither art wandering now?  
Say, where hast thou been on thy cloud lifted car?  
Say what hast thou seen in thy roamings afar?  
What sorrow impels thee, thou boisterous blast,  
Thus to mourn and complain as thou journeyest past?  
Dost weep that the green sunny summer has fled,  
That the leaves of the forest are withered and dead,  
That the groves and the woodlands re-echo no more,  
The light hearted music they teemed with of yore,  
That the song of the lark, and the hum of the bee  
Have ceased for a while on the snow covered lee?  
Say wind of the winter night, whence comest thou,  
And whither, oh! whither art wandering now?

WIND'S ANSWER.

I've been where the snow on the chill mountain peak  
Would have frozen the blood on the ruddiest cheek;  
And for many a dismal and desolate day,  
No beam of the sunshine hath brightened my way.  
But I weep not that winter hath bared the green tree,  
And hushed the sweet voice of the bird and the bee:  
I sigh not that summer hath fled from the plain,  
For spring will return to its brightness again!  
But I mourn and complain for the wail and the woe,  
That I've seen on my course as I've journeyed below!  
For I've heard the loud shout of the demon of war,  
And the peal of his guns as they flashed from afar:  
And I've heard the lone widows and orphans complain,  
As they wet with their tears the pale cheeks of the slain,  
And I sigh'd as I thought on the errors of man,  
And the follies that measure life's wearisome span.  
I've been on the deep when the storm as it past,  
Spread death and dismay on the wings of the blast,  
Where the billows rose up as the lightning's flew by  
And twisted their arms in the dun coloured sky;  
And I saw a frail vessel all torn by the wave  
Drawn down with her crew to a fathomless grave  
And I heard the loud crack of her storm splinter'd mast,  
And the flap of her sails as they beat to the blast:  
And I raised my shrill voice on the cold midnight air,  
To drown the last cry of the sailor's despair!  
But it smote on my ear a shrill warning of death,  
As he struggled and strove with the waters for breath;  
'Tis his requiem I tune as I howl thro' the sky,  
And repeat of the fury that caused him to die!  
And far have I roam'd o'er the desolate shore,  
And the cold dreary waste of the tenantless moor,  
Where a hoary old man journeyed on thro' the plain,  
To his bright blazing hearth and his children again,  
And I sigh'd as I wept o'er the desert of snow,  
For I saw not the path where the traveller should go!  
Then he paused for a while on the wilderness drear,  
And clasped his cold hands and he listened to hear,

The bark of his dog from his cot on the dell,  
Or the long wished for toll of the far village bell!  
Poor weary old man he was feeble and chill,  
And the sounds that he loved were all silent and still.  
Ah vainly he turned his dim glance to the sky,  
And vainly he sought with his tremulous eye,  
Some light in the distance whose pale beaming ray  
Might guide him aright on his comfortless way!  
Till fainting and chill he turned wearily back,  
And tried to discover the snow hidden track,  
But vainly he strove, and no sound could he hear,  
To tell his sad heart that a refuge was near  
Till worn by the load of his toil and his woe,  
He muttered a prayer and sank down on the snow!  
And I heard the last gasp of his quick fleeting breath,  
His last parting groan as he struggled with death,  
And I mourn for him now on this desolate moor,  
And tune his sad dirge as I howl at thy door!

MY UNCLE.

O my prophetic soul, my uncle!

SHAKESPEARE.

Let it not be supposed that the title which I have prefixed is intended to signify any affinity with those honourable members of the community who supply the wants of the needy at a profit of a tolerably round item per cent per annum; and who, among the multifarious titles with which society invests them have received the honourable designation of a relationship to it which some of its members would be glad to see permanently established, but to which they have no more right than the tribe of *Panctee* Indians themselves.

The honourable relative of whom I speak—my uncle—had no relationship with either *pop* merchants, *spouters*, or two-to-one gents of any sort. He was a hale old naval officer, who had fought his way upward to the rank of post captain; and having nearly all his life commanded frigates on lively stations, he had fallen in for some good lumps of prize money. His whole life, from his being a youth of some seven years old, had been spent in the navy; consequently all his feelings, prejudices, and motives of action were as strongly tinged and intertwined in it as tar and pitch are with every fibre of its ropes, every seam, plank, and spar of its mighty wooden flotilla. He had borne the character of a rigid disciplinarian and though next to the name of his king and his ship, his affective were fixed on his crew, yet so severe were his notions, and so frequently did he put the cat in requisition, that he was generally known in the ship by the designation of "Father Tie-em-up."—Drunkenness and quarrelling among his men had an especial aversion to, and if he saw any symptoms of it he usually ordered the culprits to be tickled with a round dozen or two. "Tickled!" said I to Jack Longyarn one day, as he was dwelling on his favourite theme, my uncle's exploits, "call you that tickling Jack my boy?"

"Lord love you, sir, ours was the lightest cats in the service, an' would'nt, no not a cut a fly off ov your back, not they. There was seldom more nor a few spots ov blood shown arter a matter ov three or four dozen. We wouldn't a minded takin' a turn at the gang way any on us, any mornin' before breakfast, if it 'ud give Tie-em-up any pleasure, for he was sure to send us a glass o' grog arter to put us in sperrits for our day's work.—An' then it created some affection among the crew both for himself and each other. You see sir we was all treated pretty much alike, for somehow or another the floggin came in pretty riglar turn. And then you see the boys, there was a nice little cat for them 'at wouldn't have hurt no not a young unfledged kitchen; an' it was quite delightful-like to see the little fellows take their allowance just like the men. And then d'ye see, Father Tie-em-up wouldn't have no unaffection among his men. I shall never forget when Jack Swizzle and Ben Squall was sulky with each other it came to his ears, and he made Jack flog Ben and Ben flog Jack till they promised to be good friends. I remember—ha, ha, ha!—each of 'em took five dozen; and you may think they were no featherflaps for the fellows hated one another like h—ll; but it was easy to see the cat was takin' it out o' them fast. Jack throw'd down the cat when it came to his turn to give Ben his sixth dozen, and swore he'd rather have a bellyfull himself than give him any more.—Then Ben said at once he'd be friends; and

my eyes! if you had but a seen how they did hug each other. And them very fellers loved each other as long as they lived arter."

Not further to extend my digression, though honest Jack would spin till he was brought to a clinch per force, I may briefly inform the reader that my uncle, having as the saying goeth, neither chick nor child of his own, and being moreover as I have notified, tolerably rich, my parents whose affection increased for him with the increase of his years, judged it expedient that I should cultivate the most friendly intimacy with him.

My uncle was a warm hearted man. The tenant of his bosom lay exactly in its right place. His affection for those things which won his regard, was unbounded: yet such and so rigid were the notions of discipline on which he piqued himself, that to a person unaccustomed to his habits and peculiarities the government of his household would have smacked of tyranny, and my uncle in all probability have been pronounced a most disagreeable and overbearing individual.

I had not long been an inmate of his house before I completely superceded the old watch dog of the Thunderbolt and Jack Longyarn in his affections, but I cannot say that his mode of discipline won from me any great reciprocity of regard; at least it was some time before I could accustom myself to the rough usage of the old officer, who never failed to punish my juvenile delinquencies by a direct appeal to my corporeal sense through the medium of Jack and his "kit jin," as the latter was accustomed to call a cat-o-nine-tails whose thrums were little more than threads. Now Jack in his manufacture and application of this instrument of correction, prided himself, like a skilful physician, in his nice adaptation of his medicines to the constitution of his patient.—Nor can I in truth, say that all the kickings and buffetings, and roarings with which I used to express myself on these occasions of my ticklings were called forth by the degree of pain inflicted, so much as at a certain indignation and horror that I had of the punishment.

"My precious eyes!" exclaimed Jack, "but this little un 'll be a tearer in a boardin' match some day ver honour. He's like a wild tiger. You see it isn't as he's frightened, but he's indignant."

My uncle would stand by with all the gravity that might have become him on the quarter deck, and direct the operations with an air of solemnity which however ridiculous it may appear now, had then the aspect of one of the most serious affairs in the world.

One or two incidents which I will relate will give the reader a better idea of the simple operations of my uncle's mind than all the narrative that I could spin.

One of my uncle's regulations was as follows: at five o'clock on each morning, in winter as well as in summer, Jack rang a huge ship bell, which had been slung for the purpose, when "all hands," as Jack expressed it, "must turn up for morning duty." The house maid with her broom, the groom with his curry comb, the cook with her toasting fork, and the scullion with her dish clout. For myself and Jack, who was major-domo, valet-de chambre, and factotum all that was required of us was, that we should be cleaned at all points for the day.

We were assembled as usual in the breakfast parlor, waiting the appearance of the "captain on deck," as Jack always insisted on terming it. I was carrying on some freaks which seemed to alarm the housemaid "Be quiet master Henry," said she your uncle's coming."

"I don't care," exclaimed I in the exuberance of my frolic.

"What! don't you care for your uncle?" "No," I replied, still pursuing my sport, Jack held up his finger, but I was in too high spirits to be easily dismayed.

"Oh fie!" said the house maid pursuing the subject with a pertinacity betokening that love of mischief which is inherent in woman "fie, master Harry! don't you love your uncle?"

"No I don't," replied I, speaking loudly and impatiently.

My uncle had just entered. "Jack," said he, "take care of that youngster for a minute or two." The business of the morning proceeded, and I remained in Jack's custody. When the servants were dismissed to their respective avocations, my uncle seated himself and ordered Jack to bring me before him. "Well, sir, said he, "do you love your uncle?"

"No."

"It's only his stubbornness, sir; it was Betty's fault. He does love your honour,—don't you now master Harry?"

"No."

The honest old tar lifted up his hands in astonishment. "I'll soon make him love me: tie him up Jack!" exclaimed my uncle. This was done. The kitlin was prepared, and my little inexpressibles—SMALL CLOTHES they undoubtedly were—were unreefed.—"Now Jack, lay on well. One, do you love me sir?" "No." "Two, do you love me sir?" "No." "Cut away Jack we shall conquer by and by. If that doesn't make

him love his old uncle, I don't know what will. Jack did cut away, and my uncle continued to mark the time, repeating his question after every stroke. Indignation soon gave way to sullenness, and I refused to answer. Indeed so determined had I been, that I had shown the firmness of a Stoic from the beginning, neither uttering cry or dropping tear. Meanwhile I was surprised to find how little pain was communicated by the infliction when coolly taken, and the punishment was in danger of losing its dread effect for ever, when Jack whose arm sweeping such a light instrument I verily believed suffered more than my posterior, paused to recover breath.

"Puff! it's no use sir; it's no use: he has yer honour's blood in him an' he won't be conquered. Bygor, sir,—I ax pardon,—but he just minds of your own self when the Leclair (l'Eclair) and the Jetto (Jet'd Eau) both rained it in upon us at worst, and made sich a riddle ov the hawld (old) frizgit. My timbers, how we did smoke! We made in our minds for Davy every one of us. And there you stood looking quite quiet, an' your eye fixed just like this youngster The men was waverin'. Well you sees this, and sings out clear as the boatswain's whistle through all the thunder. 'Aloft there, ahoy! sings you. 'My eyes,' says Bill Lanyard, 'we're goin' to strike!' 'Strike le d—said Tom Broadfist and knocked him down; 'There's strike for, my boy.' 'Aloft there,' sings you again. Every man aboard listened. 'Nail the colours to the mast.' 'Hurra, hurra, hurra!' Them three cheers made the Frenchman wonder what the devil had got us. They was just aboard of us but every man in his breast. 'Stand by boarders,' sung you; 'steady boarders,' sung out hawld Luff. You led one party, Luff the other, and we was master of both of 'em in ten minutes, and our colours still fast to the mast; and in the very moment of victory,—only look at the youngster your honour—that's just the very way as you looked then." I stood gazing on my uncle absorbed in attention to the narration of his bravery. The latter gazed upon me; the tears overflowed in his eyes; he caught me up in his arms, and strained me to his bosom.—The rough tar had touched the right cord to awaken the sympathies of his nature.

"Now you young dog," said Jack drawing the cuff of his jacket across his eyes, "don't you love your uncle now?"

Jack's story had made a much greater impression than his floggin', and I felt that I did love my uncle very dearly; and putting my little arms about his neck, I undisguis'dly told him so.

"I knew it," said Jack with a triumphant air; "he's just like you sir."

My uncle kissed me again. "Jack," said he, "get his pony ready, and tell Bill to take him to ride, when he likes for two hours; then after breakfast do you give him his lesson and then send him to me. And Jack remember to ask me for a double allowance after dinner."

What further appertaineth unto my venerable uncle must be given in another paper.

Among the constant newspaper advertisements of droll import is one of a tradesman who styles himself "Manufacturer of English and Foreign *straws* to the courts of Great Britain and France, &c." Another states that he alters *Plats* to suit them to the present times.

A few days ago the town crier of a market town in Craven astonished them by announcing that a horse was lost standing fourteen YARDS and a half high!

CRUMBS OF COMFORT FOR OLD BATCHELORS.—"Sir Thomas Moore was wont to compare the choosing of a wife, into a casual taking out at all ventures of Eels out of a bagge wherein were twenty snakes for an eel.

A RADICAL MISTAKE.—A worthy of the lowest class, as far as tatters indicate, was telling another what had passed at the Pancras meeting on Monday, and in our hearing assured him with an oath, that "every resolution was passed IG NOMINOUSLY!"

MARRIAGE FEES.—At Norwich, a whimsical privilege is ascribed by the charter of that church, to the senior scholar of the grammar school—namely that he is to receive marriage fees to the same amount as the clerk or in lieu thereof the bride's garters.

A SAGACIOUS SWEEP.—The inhabitants of a pretty large town in the north of Scotland were lately amused by the novel appearance of a chimney sweep who was seen plodding along the street with one half of his face washed, shaved, and trimmed, and the other unshorn and as black as ebony. On being questioned as to his motives for granting ablu-tion to only one half of his physiog, he replied, "only half the duty's aff soap yet."

I asked one of my negro servants whether old Luke was a relation of his. "Yes," he said. "Is he your uncle or your cousin?" "No massa." "What then?" "He and my fader were shipmates massa."