

POETRY.

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS HORSE.

My beautiful, my beautiful, that standest meekly by
 With thy proudly arched and glossy neck and dark and fiery eye;
 Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy winged speed—
 I may not mount on thee again—thou'rt sold my Arab steed.
 Fret not with that impatient hoof—snuff not the breezy wind—
 The further that thou fliest now, so far am I behind:
 The stranger hath thy bridle rein—thy master hath his gold—
 Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell, thou'rt sold, my steed—thou'rt sold.
 Farewell, these free untir'd limbs full many a mile must roam,
 To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the stranger's home:
 Some other hand less fond, must now thy corn and bed prepare:
 Thy silky main I braided once, must be another's care.
 The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with thee
 Shall I gallop through the desert paths where we were wont to be.
 Evening shall darken on the earth; and o'er the sandy plain
 Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home again.
 Yes thou must go, the wild free breeze the brilliant sun and sky,
 Thy master's home—from all of these, my exiled one must fly.
 Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy step become less fleet,
 And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's hand to meet
 Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing bright,
 Only in sleep shall bear again that step so firm and light:
 And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer thy speed,
 Then must I starting wake to feel—thou'rt sold my Arab steed.
 Ah, rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
 Till foam wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting side:
 And the rich blood that is in thee swells, in thy indignant pain,
 Till careless eyes that rest on thee may count each started vein.
 Will they ill use thee?—if I thought—but no it cannot be—
 Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed; so gentle, yet so free.
 And yet if haply when thou'rt gone, my lonely heart should yearn—
 Can the heart which casts thee from it now command thee to return?
 Return!—alas, my Arab steed, what shall thy master do?
 When thou who wert his all of joy, hast vanished from his view?
 When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through the gath'ring tears
 Thy bright form for a moment, like the false mirage appears.
 Slow and unmounted will I roam, with weary foot alone.
 Where with fleet step, and joyous bound, thou oft hast borne me on;
 And sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and sadly think,
 It was here he bowed his glossy, when last I saw him drink.
 When last I saw thee drink! away the fever'd dream is o'er—
 I could not live a day, and that we should meet no more.
 They tempted me my beautiful for hunger's power is strong—
 They tempted me my beautiful, but I have loved too long.
 Who said that I had given thee up? who said that thou wert sold?
 'Tis false, 'tis false, my Arab steed. I fling them back their gold?
 Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains;
 Away who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his pains."

FASHIONABLE WATERING PLACES.

By A VILLAGE BEAU.

Miss Simper appeared at Saratoga in an elegant suit of sable. She was said to be in mourning for her father, an opulent broker in Baltimore, recently deceased. Grief had

wasted her health, and weeping had washed away her roses, and she was come to recover her appetite, and animate her blushes. Miss Simper, of course, was an heiress, and attracted great attention. The gentlemen called her a beauty, and talked a good deal about her real estate, bank stock, and securities. Some of the ladies thought her complexion too sallow, and some objected to the style of her dress. Mrs. Highflyer said she had the air of a woman of fashion while Capt. Halliard pronounced her a suspicious sail, and declared his belief that she was a privateer in disguise. The fair stranger walked daily to the fountain, modestly cast down her eyes when gazed at, and seemed unconscious of all but her own horrors. About this time, Major Fitzconnell appeared upon the busy scene. He was announced as an officer in his Britannic Majesty's service, and brother to Earl Somebody in England. It was reported that he had large landed possessions in the west.—He did not appear to seek society, but was too well bred to repel any civilities which offered him. The gentlemen were well pleased with his good sense, his knowledge of the world, and the suavity of his manners, but as he seemed to avoid the ladies they had little opportunity of estimating his qualities.

Major Fitzconnell and Miss Simper met by accident at the fountain. The officer who had just filled his glass at her approach presented it to the lady, who in sipping the transparent element, dropped her handkerchief. The gentleman very gallantly picked up the cambric, and restored it to the owner; but the blushing damsel, abashed by the easy attentions of an elegant stranger, in her confusion lost her reticule which the soldier gracefully replaced upon her wrist, with a most respectful bow.

A courtesy on the one side, and another bow on the other, terminated the civilities of this meeting. The gentleman pursued his walk, and the lady returned to her chamber. That Miss Simper felt duly sensible of the honor of having elicited three graceful congees from the brother of an English earl cannot be doubted; nor can we suppose, without injustice to that gentleman's taste, that he saw with indifference the mantling blushes which those attentions had drawn forth; certain it is however, that neither of them, was seen to cast "one longing, lingering look behind."

As I had not the privilege of intruding into either of their chambers, I cannot say what fairy forms might have fitted around the magic pillow, nor whether the fair one dreaming of coronets, coats of arms, arms, and epaulettes. In short I am not able to inform the inquisitive reader, whether the parties thought of each other at all; but from the extreme difficulty of again bringing two such different persons in contact, I am inclined to think that the adventure would have ended here, had not chance, which oft decide the fate of monarchs, decided theirs.

Miss Simper's health required her attendance at the fountain on the following morning at an unusual early hour; and the Major while others were sleeping, had sallied forth to enjoy the invigorating freshness of the early breeze. They met again by accident at the propitious well, and as the attendant who is usually posted there to fill the glasses of the invalids, had not taken his station, the Major had not only the happiness of performing that office, but of replenishing the exhausted vessel, until the lady had quaffed the full measure which was prescribed by the medical dictator of this little community. I am not able to say how often they pledged each other in the salubrious beverage; but when the reader the quantum prescribed to a delicate female varies from four to eight glasses, according to the nature of her complaint, and that a lady cannot decorously sip more than one mouthful without drawing breath, it will be seen that ample time was afforded on this occasion for a *te-te-a-te-te*. The ice being thus broken, and the water duly quaffed, the gentleman proposed a promenade, to which the lady after some little hesitation acceded; and when the great bell summoned them to breakfast, they repaired to the table with excellent appetites, and cheeks glowing with healthful hues produced by the exercise of the morning. At ten o'clock, the lady issued forth from her chamber, adorned with new charms by the recent labours of the toilet, and strolling pensively book in hand to the farthest corner of the great piazza commenced her studies. It happened at the same moment, that the Major fresh from his valet's hands tied himself to the same cool retreat, and to breathe forth the melangs of the soul upon his flute. Seeing the lady he hesitated, begged pardon for his intrusion, and was about to retire. But the lady assured him it was no intrusion at all, and laid aside her book. The gentleman was soon seated beside her. He begged to know the subject of her researches, and was delighted with the taste displayed in the choice of her author; she earnestly solicited a display of his musical talents, and was enraptured with every note; and when the same impertinent bell which had curtailed their morning walk again sounded in their ears, they were surprised to find how swiftly the time had flown

and chagrined that the common place operation of eating was so often allowed to interrupt the feast of reason and the flow of wit.

At four o'clock the military stranger handed Miss Simper into an elegant gig, and drove to the neighbouring village; where rumour soon proclaimed that this interesting pair were united in the holy bands of matrimony. For once the many tongues of fame spoke truth—and when the happy Major returned with his blushing bride, all could see that the embarrassment of the lover, was exchanged for the triumphant smile of the delighted bridegroom. It is hardly necessary to add, that such was the salutary effect of this pleasing event, that the young couple found themselves instantaneously in perfect health: and on the following morning they bade adieu to Saratoga Springs.

"This is a very ungenteeled affair!" said Mrs. Highflyer. "I never heard the beat of it in my born days!" said a fatshopkeeper's lady. "How funny!" cried one young lady. "How shocking!" exclaimed another.—"Egad that's a keen smart girl!" said one gentleman. "She's a tickler I warrant her!" said a second. "She's a pirate, by thunder!" roared Captain Halliard.

In the meanwhile the new married pair were pursuing their journey by easy stages towards the city of New York. We all know how the blest charms of nature improve when we see them reflected, and so on and we can readily imagine how happily the days of Thalaba past by on this occasion.—Uninterrupted by ceremonious visits, unrestrained by the presence of third parties, surrounded by all the blandishments which give enchantment to the rural scene, it is not surprising that our lovers should often digress from the beaten road, and as often linger at a romantic spot or a secluded cottage.

Several days had now elapsed and neither party had made any disclosure to the other upon the important subject of finance. As they were drawing near the end of their journey, the Major thought it advisable to broach this delicate matter to his bride. It was upon a fine summer evening, as they sat by a window, at an inn, enjoying the beauties of an extensive landscape, that this memorable conversation occurred.—They had been amusing themselves with that kind of small talk which new married folks find so vastly pleasant; as how much they love one another, and how happy they intend to be, and what a fine thing it is to for two fond hearts to be dissolved and melted down into one, &c. Many examples of love and murder were related—the lady told of several distressed swains who had incontinently hanged themselves for their mistresses, and the gentleman as often asserted that not one of those martyred lovers adored the object of his passion with half the fervour which he felt for his own dear, sweet, precious, little Anne! At last throwing his arm over his wife's chair, he said carelessly, "Who has the management of your property my dear?"

"You have my darling" replied she. "I shall have, when I get it" said the husband—"I meant to inquire in whose possession it was at present?"

"It is all in your possession," said the lady.

"Do not trifle with me," said the gentleman patting her cheek—"you have made me the happy master of your person and it is time to give me the disposal of your fortune."

"My face is my fortune, kind sir," said she, laying her head on his shoulder.

"To be plain with you madam," said the impassioned bridegroom, "I have need of money immediately—the hired gig in which we came into this place is returned, and I have not the means to procure another conveyance."

"To be equally candid with you sir," replied the happy bride, "I have nothing in the world but what you see."

"Have you no real estate?" said the Major starting off his feet.

"Not an acre."

"No bank stock?"

"None."

"No securities, no jewels, no money?"

"Nothing of the kind."

"Are you not the daughter and heiress of a rich broker?"

"Not I, indeed."

"Who the devil are you then?"

"And have you no lands in Arkansas?"

"Not an acre!"

"Pray then sir may I take the liberty of asking who you are?"

"I am your husband, madam, at your service, and only son of a famous gambler, who left me heir to his principles and profession."

"My father gave me a good education," said the lady.

"So did mine," said the gentlemen, "but it has not prevented me from trumping the wrogh trick this time."

So saying, Major Fitzconnell bounced out of the chamber, hastened to the bar, and called the landlord. His interesting bride followed on tiptoe, and listened unobserved. The Major enquired "at what hour the mail stage would pass for New York?"

"About midnight," was the reply. "Please to secure me a seat," said the major, "and let me be waked at the proper hour."

"Only one seat" inquired the host. "One seat only" was the reply. The landlord remarked that it was customary for gentlemen who set off in the night, to pay their fare in advance upon which the Major paid for the seat.

The Major and his bride retired to separate chambers, the former was soon locked in the arms of sleep, but the latter repelled the drowsy from her eyelids. When she heard the stage drive up to the door of the inn, she hastily rose and having previously made up her bundle, without which a lady never steals a march, hastened down stairs. Upon the way she met the landlord, who inquired if her husband was awake.

"He is not," said the lady, and need not be disturbed."

"The seat was taken for you then?" inquired the inn-keeper.

"Certainly."

"Oh, very well—we'll not disturb the gentleman—the stage is ready madam—jump in."—Mrs Fitzconnell jumped, in accordingly, and was soon on her way to New York, leaving the gallant and ingenious Major to provide another conveyance and a new wife at leisure.

ADVICE TO MARRIED LADIES.—Always wear your wedding ring, for therein lies more virtue than is usually imagined. If you are suffled unawares, assaulted with improper thoughts, or tempted in any kind against your duty, cast your eyes upon it, and call to mind who gave it to you, where it was received, and what passed at the solemn time.

Over the door of a vendor of varieties in a country village is—"Licentious dealer in Backy and Snuff."

A Country paper announces that a calico printer—"one day last week fell down dead and instantly expired."

THE SIAMESE YOUTHS.—A Lady, who had lately visited the Siamese brothers, being asked by a gentleman if they seemed fond of each other, replied—"Really, sir, I never saw so strong an attachment."

BRANDY.—It is reported by a French author, that a poor savage being asked his opinion of brandy, to the use of which he was so much devoted, answered, in the florid style of his country, "It is made of tongues and hearts; for when I have drunk it I fear nothing, and talk like an angel."

A Lady conversing with a friend on the late extreme severity of the weather, with great naivete, said, she "supposed the North Pole had come to return Captain Parry's visit."

George Colman tells a story of a lad, who had news brought that his father had suddenly expired; which so shocked him, that he stood for some time, pale and silent; at last he burst out into a flood of tears, and exclaimed in an agony of grief, "I had rather have given half a guinea!"

"Living always in the world," says Horace Walpole, "makes one as unfit for living out of it, as always living out of it does for living in it."

The county gaol of the city of H— is to be re-built out of the materials of the old one: and the prisoners are to be confined in the old one, till the new gaol is built.

Sir Boyle Roche, the blunderer, rose one day in the Irish House of Commons, and said, with a more serious and grave air than usual, "Mr. Speaker, the profligacy of the times is such, Mr. Speaker, that little children, who can neither walk or talk, may be seen running about the streets cursing their maker."

Nothing so enrages persons on whom one depends, as any expressed determination of seeking independence.

A man may reasonably boast of losing his senses, since it is only the minority who have them to lose.

You have no idea how a scolding wife sublimates and rarifies one's intellect. Thunder clears the air you know.

A DARK MORNING.—

As dark as if all the negroes of Africa had been stewed down into air.