

Poetry,
Original and Select.

THE VISIONARY.

The dear, the long, the dreaming hours
That I have past with thee,
When thou hadst not a single thought
Of how thou wert with me---

I heard thy voice--I spoke again---
I gazed upon thy face,
And never scene of breathing life
Could leave a deeper trace,

Than all that fancy conjured up,
And made thee look and say,
Till I have loathed reality,
That chased such dream away.

Now, out upon this foolishness,
Thy heart it is not mine!
And, knowing this, how can I waste
My very soul on thine?

Alas! I have no power to choose---
Love is not at my will;
I say I must be careless, cold,
But find I love thee still.

I think upon my wasted life,
And on my wasted heart,
And turn, ashamed and sorrowful,
From what will not depart.

Thy hunting influence, how it mocks
My efforts to forget!
The stamp love only seals but once,
Upon my life is set.

I hear from others gentle words,
I scarcely heed the while;
Listened to, but with weariness,
Forgotten with a smile.

But thine, though chance and usual words,
Are treasured, as we keep
Things lovely, precious, and beloved,
O'er which we watch and weep.

I scarcely wish to see them now,
It is too dear a joy;
It is such perfect happiness,
It must have some alloy.

I dream of no return from thee---
Enough for me to love;
I brood above my silent heart,
As o'er its nest the dove.

But speak not, look not, mock me not,
With light and careless words;
It wounds me to the heart---it jars
My spirit's finest chords.

I'll not forget thee;--let me dream
About thee as before;
But farewell, dearest! yes, farewell!
For we must meet no more!

Varieties.

REPORTING IN DR JOHNSON'S TIME.—It was about this time that the celebrated Dr Johnson was taken into pay by Cave as a contributor to his Magazine. He was employed in preparing the "Debates of the Senate of Lilliput." The plan followed at first seems to have been for Guthrie, who had a good memory, to bring home as much as he could recollect of the debate from the house, mending his draft by whatever assistance he could command; after which the matter thus collected was submitted to John-

son, who gave the several speeches their finishing touch. After some time, Guthrie obtained other engagements, and Johnson was left to manufacture the reports from very scanty notes obtained in various irregular ways. "Sometimes, however," says Boswell, "as he himself told me, he had nothing more communicated to him than the names of the several speakers, and the part which they had taken in the debate." The reports of November, 1740, to the 23d of February, 1743, inclusive, are considered to have been entirely prepared by Johnson. If we are to take his own account, as retailed by various authorities, they were in all respects the produce of his own brain. It would appear, if we may trust some of the statements, that they were not intended to be taken as anything more than fictions; at least we are called upon to believe that the writer himself, in his simplicity, produced them under no other notion. "Johnson told me," says Boswell, "that as soon as he found that the speeches were thought genuine, he determined that he would write no more of them; for he would not be accessory to the propagation of falsehood!" And such was the tenderness of his conscience, that, a short time before his death, he expressed his regret for his having been the author of fictions which had passed for realities. In his account of Johnson's last days, also, this writer gives us the following statement on the authority of Mr John Nicholls: "He said that the Parliamentary debates were the only part of his writings which then gave him any compunction; but that at the time he wrote them he had no conception that he was imposing on the world, though they were frequently written from very slender materials, and often from none at all—the mere coinage of his own imagination. He never wrote any part of his works with equal velocity. The three columns of the Magazine in an hour was no uncommon effort, which was faster than most persons could have transcribed that quantity." But notwithstanding all this, we cannot believe either that Johnson conceived himself to be merely writing a series of romances in preparing these monthly reports or that the public read them with the impression that they were really but "Debates in the Senate of Lilliput." There must be some mistake or great exaggeration in the story. That they were often written from very imperfect notes, however, is probable enough. Sir John Hawkins tells us that when Johnson heard that Smollet was writing his History of England, he cautioned him not to rely on the debates as given in the magazine, for that they were not authentic, but, except, as to their general import, the work of his own imagination. Mr Murphy, too, in his Essay on the Life of Johnson, relates an interesting anecdote, which goes to confirm the same supposition, respecting the famous speech attributed to the first Mr Pitt in the debate of the 10th of March, 1741, when he rose to reply to Horace Walpole (the brother of Sir Robert), who had sneered at him on the score of his youth and inexperience. Some years after, Johnson, Mr Wedderburn, (afterwards Earl of Roslyn) Francis, the translator of Horace, Murphy himself, and some other gentlemen, were dining with Mr Foote, when the con-

versation turned upon that speech, which several gentlemen declared to be the most masterly piece of oratory they had ever heard. "During the ardour of conversation," says Murphy, "Johnson remained silent. As soon as the warmth of praise had subsided, he opened with these words, 'that speech I wrote in a garret in Exeter Street.' The company was struck with astonishment. After staring at each other in silent amaze, Dr Francis asked him how that speech could be written by him? 'Sir,' said Johnson, 'I wrote it in Exeter Street. I never had been in the gallery of the House of Commons but once. Cave had interest with the doorkeepers. He and the persons employed under him gained admittance; they brought away the subject of discussion, (the names of the speakers, the sides they took, and the order in which they rose, together with notes of the arguments advanced in the course of the debate. The whole was afterwards communicated to me, and I composed the speeches in the form which they now have in the parliamentary Debates.' It was observed that he dealt out reason and eloquence with an equal hand to both parties. 'That is not quite true,' said Johnson; 'I saved appearances tolerably well, but I took care that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it.'

MODERN ARISTOCRATIC EDUCATION.—It is lamentable to reflect on the education of the young gentlemen of England. They are generally sent to a public school, say Eton, which is unquestionably the worst school in England; there, for five years, they learn a few fragments of the Greek and Latin authors, done up in selections, and which might by a scholar, be easily read in a fortnight.—They make a great many Latin verses, which an Eton boy soon acquires a habit of constructing with slovenly rapidity; and they learn by heart much Greek and Latin verse. Nothing useful in any way is taught them; they know nothing of history, nothing of science, nothing of the great questions which are agitated in this age. A more ignorant creature could hardly be found than a first-rate Eton boy. From this bad and immoral school they go to Cambridge, still worse and ten-fold more immoral and there they bring into play the smatterings of Greek and Latin which they had acquired at Eton, read a few more Greek tragedies or comedies, make some elegant epigrams, and being fully initiated into the fashionable "cram" of the University, obtain the prizes, and finally, perhaps, if the church be their destiny, the fellowships and livings of the colleges. After which, they grow large, read the Quarterly Review and the Standard newspaper, and die at last of the fat rot. These are the clerical gentlemen; the lay gentlemen transmigrate into the genius *booby*, become country squires, magistrates, and members of Parliament, whose ignorance and darkness are too notorious to require comment. The system of aristocratical education is surely the most whimsical ever heard of. It amounts to this,—that gentlemen ought to be instructed in those things which have no connexion with their own views in that station of life to which they may be afterwards called. We are assured that mathematics are the best preparation for a judge, that Latin verse is the most ex-