

POETRY.

BIRTH-DAY VERSES—TO MY MOTHER.

By N. P. Willis.

My birth day! Oh, beloved mother!
 My heart is with thee o'er the seas!
 I did not think to count another
 Before I wept upon thy knees—
 Are this scroll of absent years
 Blotted with thy streaming tears.
 My own I do not care to check—
 I weep—albeit here alone—
 As if I hung upon thy neck,
 As if thy lips were on my own—
 As, if this full sad heart of mine
 Were beating closely upon thine.
 Four weary years! how looks she now?
 What light is in those tender eyes?
 What trace of time has touched the brow
 Whose look is borrowed of the skies
 That listen to her mighty prayer?
 How is she changed, since he was there
 Who sleeps upon her heart away—
 Whose name upon her lips is worn,
 For whom the night seems made to pray,
 For whom she wakes to pray at morn,
 Whose sight is dim—whose heart-strings
 Stir—
 Who weeps those tears—to think of her!
 I know not if my mother's eyes
 Would find me changed in other things.
 I've wandered beneath many skies,
 And tasted many bitter springs,
 And many leaves, once fair and gay,
 From youth's full flower have dropt away—
 But, as those looser leaves depart,
 The lessen'd flower gets near the core,
 And when deserted quite, the heart
 Takes closer what was dear of yore,
 And leans to those who loved it first,
 The sunshine and the dew by which its bud
 Was nursed.
 Dear mother! dost thou love me yet?
 Am I remember'd in my home?
 When those I love for joy are met
 Does some one wish that I would come?
 Thou dost! I am beloved of thee—
 But as the school boy numbers o'er
 Night after night the Pleiades,
 And finds the stars he found before,
 As turns the maiden out her token,
 As counts the miser oft his gold,
 So, 'till life's "silver cord is broken"
 Would I of thy dear love be told—
 My heart is full—mine eyes are wet—
 Dear mother! dost thou love thy long-lost
 wanderer yet?
 Oh! when the hour to meet again
 Creeps on—and, speeding o'er the sea,
 My heart takes up its lengthen'd chain,
 And link by link, draws nearer thee—
 When land is hailed, and from the shore
 Comes out the blessed breath of home,
 With fragrance from my mother's door
 Of flowers forgotten when I come—

When part is gain'd, and, slowly now,
 The old familiar paths are past,
 And entering unconscious how,
 I gaze upon thy face at last,
 And run to thee, all faint and weak—
 And feel thy tears upon my cheek—
 Oh! if my heart break not with joy,
 The light of heaven will fairer seem,
 And I shall grow once more a boy,
 And, mother!—'twill be like a dream
 That we were parted thus for years.
 And, once that we have dried our tears,
 How will the days seem long and bright,
 To meet thee always with the morn,
 And hear thy blessing every night—
 Thy "dearest," thy "first-born"—
 And be no more, as now, in a strange land
 forlorn!

APSLEY HOUSE.

The following curious particulars relating to Apsley House, the residence of the Duke of Wellington, at Hyde Park corner, are not, we believe, generally known; they may, however, be relied on as facts. As George II. was riding on horseback one day in Hyde park, he met an old soldier, whom he recognized as having fought under him at Dettington, and with great condescension fell into discourse with him. In the course of conversation the King asked him what he could do for him?—"Why, please your Majesty," returned the soldier, "my wife keeps an apple stall on the bit of waste ground as you enter the Park, if your Majesty would be pleased to make us a grant of it, we might build a little shed and improve our trade." The King complied with his request, and the grant was accordingly given him. The shed was erected, the situation was excellent, and the business of the old woman became brisk and prosperous. After some years the old soldier died, and the grant of the land the King was forgotten. The then Lord Chancellor attracted by the eligibility of the situation, removed the old woman's shed, and laid out the ground as the site of the mansion. Alarmed, but not venturing to contend with such a high authority, she consulted with her son, who was articled to an attorney, how she should act in such an extremity. The son calmed her fears by promising to find her a remedy as soon as the structure should be completed. When this was done he waited upon his Lordship to request some remuneration for what he alleged to be a trespass on his mother's rights. The Chancellor, when he perceived the claim to be reasonably founded, tendered a few hundred of pounds as a compensation, which, however, under the advice of her son, the old woman rejected, and on the next interview the son demanded £100 a year as a ground rent, when his Lordship acceded to the proposal, and Apsley House yields to this day the above ground rent to the descendants of an old apple-woman.

CHILDHOOD.

The mind should be formed early, no less than the person: and for the same reason. Providence has plainly indicated childhood to be the season of instruction, by communicating at that period such flexibility to the organs, such attention to the memory, such quickness to the apprehension, such inquisitiveness to the temper, such alacrity to the animal spirits, and such impressibility to the affections, as are not possessed at any subsequent period. We are therefore bound, by every tie of duty, to follow these obvious designations of Providence, by moulding that flexibility to the most durable ends; by storing that memory with the richest knowledge; by pointing that apprehension to the highest objects; by giving to that alacrity its best direction; by turning that inquisitiveness to the noblest intellectual purposes; and, above all, by converting that impressibility of heart to the most exalted moral uses.—*Hannah Moore's works.*

THINGS TO BE LEARNED.

Do not imagine that you must learn every thing from books. They are very useful, to be sure, but there has been very wise men who derived the principal part of their knowledge from the study of things about them. One can learn a great deal from consideration, and a great deal more from thinking alone. This kind of instruction, too, is not irksome.

From the changes of nature, from the different feelings of ourselves, and from the most trifling family occurrences, we may draw conclusions, that will all turn into valuable stock, when digested in a wise head.

People who learn every thing from books are generally deficient in knowledge of themselves, whereas those who study in the world are better able to meet all the varying states to which we are constantly exposed. But do not infer from this that you may throw aside your books as useless—oh, no; one thing explains another. The people who write books, the teachers who instruct you, and the men who have been celebrated for their wisdom, all learned from a thousand little things, and applying them to practice, they have produced the greatest results. Beyond the walls of a school, then, much that is a help to the studies pursued in it, may be obtained.

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