

POETRY

THE PALM TREE.

By Mrs. Hemans.

Has his heart forgot, so far away
Those native scenes—those rocks and tor-
rents grey;
The tall bananas whispering to the breeze;
The shores—the sound of those encircling
seas
Heard from his infant days—and the piled
heap
Of holy stones, where his forefathers sleep?
Bowles.

It waved not through an eastern sky,
Beside a fount of Araby;
It was not fanned by southern breeze,
In some green Isle of Indian seas;
Nor did its graceful shadow sleep
O'er stream of Afric, lone and deep.

But fair the exiled palm-tree grew,
Midst foliage of no kindred hue;
Through the laburnums dropping gold
Uprose the stem of orient mould,
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,
Purpled the moss-beds at his feet.

Strange look'd it there! the willow streamed
Where silvery waters near it glamed;
The lime bough lured the honey bee
To murmur by the desert's tree;
And showers of snowy roses made
A lustre in its fan like shade.

There came an eve of festal hours—
Rich music filled that garden's bowers;
Lamps, that from flowering branches hung,
On sparks of dew soft colours flung;
And bright forms glanced—a fairy show—
Under the blossoms to and fro.

But one, a lone one, 'midst the throng,
Seemed reckless all of dance or song;
He was a youth of dusky mien,
Whereon the Indian sun had been;
Or crested brow, and long black hair—
A stranger, like the palm tree there.

And slowly, sadly, moved his plumes,
Glittering athwart the leafy glooms;
He passed the pale green olives by,
Nor won the chestnut flowers his eye;
But when to that sole Palm he came,
Then shot a rapture through his frame!

To him, to him, its rustling spoke,
The silence of his soul it broke!
It whispered of its own bright isle,
That lit the ocean with a smile;
Aye, to his ear that rattle tone
Had something of the sea wave's moan!

His mother's cabin home, that lay
Where feathery cocoas fringed the bay;
The dashing of his brethren's oar;
The conch's wild note along the shore;
All through his wakening bosom swept,
He clasped his country's tree and wept.

Oh! scorn him not—his strength, whereby
The patriot guards himself to die—
Th' unconquerable power, which fills
The freeman, darting on his hills—
These have one fountain, deep and clear,—
The same whence gushed that child-like
fear!

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

[FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]

LETTER FROM A "FIRST-FLOOR LODGER."

There are two lodged together.—Shakspeare
Nec hospes ab hospite tatus.—Ovid.

And, at Christmas! oh! it was no longer
dealing with ones and twos!—The whole
hundred, on the day after that festival, rose
up, by concert, to devour me!

Dustmen, street-keepers, lamplighters,
turncocks—postmen, beadles, scavengers,
chimney sweeps—the whole *pecus* of paro-
chial servitorship was at my gate before
eleven at noon.

Then the "waits" came—two sets!—and
fought which should have my bounty. Rival
patrols disputed whether I did or did
not lie within their beat. At one time
there was a doubt as to which of two parish-
es I belonged to; and I fully expected that
(to make sure) I should have been visited by
the collectors from both! Meantime the
knocker groaned until very evening, under
the dull, stunning simple thumps—each vil-
lian would have struck, although it had been
upon the head of his own grandfather!—of
bakers, butchers, tallow chandlers, grocers,
fishmongers, poulterers, and oilmen! Every
ruffian who made his livelihood by
swindling me through the whole year, tho'
himself entitled to a peculiar benefaction
(for his robberies) on this day.—And,
Host! Now by my life I scorn the name!

All this was child's play—*bagatelle*, I pro-
test, and "perfumed," to what I had to go
through in the letting off" of my dwelling!

The swarm of crocodiles that assail me, o'
every fine day—three fourths of them to
avoid an impending shower, or to pass away
a stupid morning—in the shape of stale
dowagers, city coxcombs, "professional
gentlemen," and "single ladies!" And all
(except a few that were swindlers) finding
something wrong about my arrangements! Gil
Blas' mule, which was nothing but faults
never had half so many faults as my house.
Carlton Palace, if it were to be let to-mor-
row, would be objected to by a tailor. One
man found my rooms "too small;" another
thought them rather too "large;" a third
wished that they had been loftier; "a fourth
that there had been more of them." One
lady hinted a sort of doubt, "whether the
neighbourhood was quite respectable;" an-
other asked "if I had any children;" and
then, "whether I would bring myself not to
have any during her stay!" Two hundred
after detaining me an hour, had called only
"for friends." Ten thousand went through
all the particulars, and "would call again
to-morrow." At last there came a lady who
gave the *coup-de-grace* to my "house-keep-
ing;" she was a clergyman's widow, she
said, from Somersetshire—if she had been
an officers, I had suspected her; but in an
evil hour, I let her in; and—she had come
for the express purpose of marrying me!
The reader who has bowels, they will yearn
for my situation.

Nolo conjugari!

I exclaimed in agony; but what could serve
against the ingenuity of woman? She se-
duced me—escape was hopeless—morning
noon, and night! She heard a mouse be-
hind the wainscot, and I was called in to
seize it. Her canary bird got loose—would
I be so good as to catch it? I fell sick but
was soon glad to get well again: for she
sent five times a day to ask if I was better;
besides pouring in plates of *blanc mange*,
jellies, raspberry vinegars, fruits fresh from
the country, and hasty puddings made by
her own hand. And at last, after I had re-
sisted all the constant borrowing of books,
the eternal interchange of newspapers, and
the daily repair of crow quills, the opinions
upon wine, the corrections of hackney coach-
men, and the recommendation of a barber
to a poodle dog—at last—Oh! the devil
take all wrinkled stair carpets, stray pattens,
and bits of orange peel dropped upon the
ground? Mrs F—sprained her ankle,
and fell down at my very drawing room
door!

All the women in the house were bribed,
there was not one of them in the way! My
footman, my only safeguard, was sent off that
moment for a doctor!—I was not married;
for so much let Providence be praised!

Animus meminisse horret.

I can't go through the affair! But, about
six months after, I presented Mrs F—
with my house, and every thing in it, and
determined never again—as a man's only
protection against female cupidity, to pos-
sess even a pair of small clothes that I could
legally call my own.

Ultimum Supplicium

This resolution, Mr Editor, compelled me
to shelter myself in "furnished lodgings,"
where the most of accommodation, (sublu-
nary) after all, I believe, is to be found. I
had sad work, as you may imagine, to find
my way at first. Once I ventured to inha-
bit (as there was no board in the case) with
a surgeon. But what between the patients
and the resurrection-men, the "night-bell"
was intolerable; and he ordered the watch-
man too, I found, to pull it six or seven
times a-week, in order to impress the neigh-
bourhood with an opinion of his practice.
From one place, I was driven away by a
music master, who gave concerts opposite to
me; and, at a second, after two days abid-
ing I found that a madman was confined on
the second floor! Two houses I left, be-
cause my hostesses made love to me. Three
because parrots were kept in the streets.
One, because a cock (who would crow all
night) came to live in a yard at the back of
me; and another, in which I had staid two
months (and should perhaps have remained
till now) because a boy of eight years old—
there is to me no earthly creature so utterly
intolerable as a boy of eight years old!—to
pass the holidays." I had thoughts, I don't
care who knows it—of taking him off by
poison; and bought two raspberry tarts to
give him arsenic in, as I met him on the
stairs, where he was up and down all day.
As it is, I have sent an order to Seven Dials
to have an "early delivery" of all the "Dy-
ing Speeches" for the next ten years. I did
this, in order that I may know when he is
hanged, a fact I wish particularly to ascer-
tain, because his father and I had an alter-
cation about it.

Experience, however, gives light; and a
"furnished lodging" is the best arrange-
ment among the bad. I had seven transi-
tions last month, but that was owing to ac-
cidents; a man who chooses well may com-
monly stay a fortnight in a place, indeed as
said in the beginning, I have been ten days
where I am; and I don't up to this moment
see clearly what point I shall go away upon
The mistress of the house entertains a pet
monkey—falling all issue of her own; and
I have got a new footman, who, I understand

plays upon the fiddle. The matter, I suspect
will lie between these two.

I am most nervous myself about the mon-
key. He broke loose the other day. I saw
him escape over the next garden wall, and
drop down by the side of a middle aged
gentleman, who was setting polyanthuses;
The respectable man, as was prudent, took
refuge in a summer house; then he pulled
up all the polyanthuses; and then tried to
get in at the summer house window! I think
that—

Eh!—why what the deuce is all this?
Why the room is full of smoke! Why, what
the devil—Thomas! [I ring the bell vio-
lently.] Thomas!—[I call my new footman.]
Tho-o-o-mas!—why some rascal has set the
house on fire.

ENTER THOMAS.

Indeed, no, your honour—indeed—no—it
is—only the chimney.

The chimney! you dog!—get away this
moment and put it out. Stay!—Thomas!
the villain's gone!—Come back I say,—what
chimney is it?

Thomas. Only the kitchen chimney, sir.
Only the kitchen chimney! you rascal,
how did you do it?

Thomas. I was only tuning my fiddle,
your honour; and, and, and, Mary, house maid,
flung the rosin into the fire.

His fiddle!—Mr North, I knew it would
happen. Where's the landlord?

Thomas. He's not at home, sir.
Where's his wife?

Thomas. She's in fits, sir.

You scoundrel, you'll be hang'd to a cer-
tainty!—There's a statute for you, cauff!
there is. Come, sir—come—strip, and go
the chimney. Strip! or I'll kill you with
the toasting fork, and bury your body in the
dust-hole.

[ENTER THE CAT, with a tail as thick as
my arm, galloping round the room.]

Zounds and death! what's to be done?—
My life's not insured!—I must get out of
the house. [Rattling of wheels, and cries
of "Fire!" in the street.] Oh, the devil!
here comes the parish engine, and with as
many thieves with it as might serve six pa-
rishes!—Shut the doors below, I say. [Call-
ing down stairs.] Don't let 'em in. Tho-
mas!—The house will be gutted from top
to bottom!—Thomas!—Where is that rascally
servant of mine! Thomas!—[Calling
in all directions.] I—I must go and see,
myself.

[Scene changes to the kitchen. THE HOUSE-
MAID in hysterics under the dresser.]

Phooh! what a smell of sulphur!—Tho-
mas!—Do your chimneys ever take fire in
Scotland, Mr Editor?—Thomas!—I remem-
ber it was on a Friday I hired him!—Tho-
mas!—[I find him in the jack towel]—Take
a wet blanket, you rascal, and get thro'
the garret window. Crawl up the tiles, you
wretch, and muffle the chimney-pot!

Madam!—[The landlady clings round my
neck.]—Madam—for Heaven's sake!—There
is no danger, I assure you.—[She clings
tighter.]—Or, if there is, we had better em-
brace after it's over. You'll die by me?—
No, no; not for the world. Throw some
pails of water on the grate, for Heaven's
sake!—Damn the monkey! how he gets be-
tween one's!—Thomas! [The tumult in-
creases.] Thomas!

Thomas. [Down the chimney] Sir!
One more peep [I run up stairs] from the
window. Hark, how they knock without!—
Rat-tat-tat-tat! As I live, here are a dozen
engines, fifty firemen, and four thousand
fools! I must be off! Thomas! [he en-
ters] I must escape. Thomas! I'll sepul-
chre you; but not yet. Show me the back
door.

Thomas. There is none, sir. I've been
trying to get out myself.

No back door!

[ENTER THE COOK, with the monkey on her
back. The knocking continues.]

Cook. Oh laws, Sir! We shall all be
destroyed, sir! Oh laws! where is your
honour's double barrelled gun?

My gun? up stairs. What d'ye want with
the gun?

Cook. Oh laws, sir! if it was to be shot
off up the chimney it would surely put it
out.

She's right. Run Thomas! At the head
of the bed. Away with you. Mind-it's
loaded—take care what you're about.

There they go!—They have found it. Now
they are down stairs. Why, zounds! the
woman has got the gun! Take it from her.
He don't hear me. Thomas! She's going
to fire it as I live! Yes—she's sitting down
in the grate!—Thomas!—With her body
half way up the chimney!—Thomas! Death
the woman's a fool. Bang, bang [Report
heard] Ah, there she goes backwards!—It's
all up! Here comes the soot in cart, loads
all over her!—Thomas! you rascal!—She's
killed! No, egad; she's up and running
don't let her come near me. Margery.
Pshaw! What's her name? She's running
towards the street door! Margery! Why
sh's all on fire, and as black as a soot bag!
Why stoy her I say. Ah she gets into the
street. Thomas!—Margery!—Everybody!
The woman will be burned to death. [Shouts
without, and noise of water.] Ha!—[I run

to the window]—Huza! The engines a'
playing upon her!

That infernal footman! He is my fate, and
I thought it would be the monkey.

ESTER THOMAS

Come in, you sneaking scoundrel. Is the
woman burnt?

Thomas. No, sir,—she's only singed.

Singed! you Beelzebub's imp;—Curse the
monkey—stop him—he's gone off with my
gold spectacles.

Mr North, if you have compassion, hear
a man of five and forty's prayer; I can't
stay here; where am I to go to?—If you
should think—Thomas, I must get into a
hackney coach!—If you should think—Call
me a hackney coach, sirrah—and ask the
man what he charges for it (d'ye hear) by
the week. If you should think, Mr North
that there is any chance of my doing well in
Edinburgh—I shouldn't like to be above the
fifth story, I understand most of your houses
run ten—A line by return would oblige a
constant reader. As I have no home at pre-
sent, except my hackney coach that I've sent
for, I can't say at exactly in what place of
suffering your letter will find me; but by
addressing to the coffee house in Rathbone
Place, it will somewhere or other come into
the hands of

Your very humble servant

WRINKLETON FIBGET.

A PARABLE.

1. A certain man going down from Youth
to Manhood, fell among grog shops, where
he was stripped of his money, his character,
and his friends, and left poor, and ragged,
and half dead with Disease.

2. And by chance there came down a cer-
tain Moderate Drinker that way, and when
he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

3. And likewise a Friend of Temperance
came where he was, and when he saw him
he passed by on the other side.

4. But a certain Temperance man as he
journeyed, came where he was, and when he
saw him he had compassion on him, and
went to him and wept over him, and re-
sought him with tears to repent and re-
form.

5. And he persuaded him to sit upon his
own beast Total Abstinence, and brought
him to his own family, and they took care
of him. And on the morrow, he spake
kindly to him, and offered prayers for him
and he departed.

Which of the three was neighbour to him
who fell among grog shops?

It was a half drizzling half snowy day,—
just such a day as puts nervous people in a
bad humour with themselves and every body
else. Job Dodge sat brooding over the fire
immediately after breakfast. His wife ad-
dressed him as follows:—Mr Dodge, can't you
mend that front door latch to-day?
'No,' was the answer. 'Well,' can't you
mend the water pail? 'No.' Can't you
fix a handle on the mop? 'No.' 'Well
can't you fix the window, so that the rain
and snow won't drive in?' 'No—no—no,'
answered the husband sharply. He took his
hat, and was on the point of leaving the
house, when his wife, knowing that he was
going to the tavern, where he would meet
some of his wet companions, asked him
kindly to stop a moment. She then got her
bonnet and cloak and said to her husband,
'you are going to the tavern, with your leave
I will go with you.' The husband stared.
'Yes,' continued the wife, 'I may as well
go as you; if you go to the tavern and tip-
ple and waste the day, why should I not go
and do the same?' Job felt the reproof;
shut the door; hung up his hat; got the
hammer and nails; did all his wife had re-
quested; and sat down by his fire side at
night a better and a happier man.

'How does the thermometer stand?' said
a father to his son. 'It don't stand at all
sir, it hangs up,' was the reply. 'Well, but
I mean how high is it?' 'Just about five
feet,' 'Pooh, you fool, how does the mercu-
ry range?' 'Up and down—perpendicular.'

REMEDIES.—For sea sickness; stay at
home.

For drunkenness; drink cold water, and
repeat the prescription until you find re-
lief.

For the gout; board with the printer.

To keep out of jail; get out, and keep
out of debt.

To enjoy good health; pay the printer
punctually.

IDLENESS.—Burton, in his *Anatomy of
Melancholy*, describes idleness as being the
cushion upon which the devil reposes. Dr
Johnson designates it as the rust of the
soul.

Before forks came into use, it was con-
sidered a sign of polite education not to wet
the finger deep in the dishes.

How much better are most old bachelors
than so many hedgehogs, rolled up in them-
selves, thorny without and torpid within.
Matthias the prophet is not dead, but gone
to Ohio to join the Mormons.]