

POETRY

THE NUN.

In Burges town is many a street
Whence busy life hath fled;
Where, without hurry, noiseless feet
The grass grown pavements tread.
There heard we, halting in the shade,
Flung from a convent tower,
A harp that tuneful prelude made
To a voice of thrilling power.

The measure, simple truth to tell,
Was fit for some gay throng.
Though from the same grey turret fell
The shadow and the song.
When silent were both voice and chords,
The strain seemed doubly dear,
Yet sad as sweet, for English words
Had fallen upon the ear.

It was a breezy hour of eve,
And pinnacle and spire
Quivered and seemed almost to heave,
Clothed with innocuous fire;
But where we stood, the setting sun
Shewed little of his state;
And if the glory reached the nun,
'Twas through an iron gate.

Not always is the heart unwise,
Nor pity idly born,
If even a passing stranger sighs
For them who do not mourn.
Sad is thy doom, self-solaced dove,
Captive whoe'er thou be!
Oh! what is beauty, what is love,
And opening life to thee?

Such feelings pressed upon my soul,
A feeling sanctified
By one soft trickling tear that stole
From the maiden at my side:
Less tribute could she pay than this,
Borne gaily o'er the sea,
Fresh from the beauty and the bliss
Of English liberty?

THE TIME TO WOO.

Go when the smile of gladness
Is sporting on her lip,
When love, despite of sadness,
The honey-dews will sip:
Go when the sun declineth
To ocean's liquid blue—
Go when the pale moon shineth
On Emily and you.

Go when the maid is hushing
The swelling of her heart—
Go when the maid is blushing—
Go when the tear drops start,
Go when the dove is cooing;
And yet I dare not say,
But after all your wooing,
The answer may be NAY.

MY SISTER.—A FRAGMENT.

'How beautiful,' exclaimed a friend at my side, and she leaned heavier on my arm as she spoke—'How beautiful is the broad glittering surface of yon glassy lake as the moonbeams are dancing upon its silent waters!'

It was indeed a holy time; the broad blue archery of heaven bent over the shining earth like some enchanting dream; the full moon was riding through the azure firmament in her proudest triumph, and the stars, that innumerable and incalculable host of worlds, shed down their additional rays of light upon the slumbering waves. It was the time when all lovers meet; even the forest birds seek their resting places among the green branches with their loved ones by their side to slumber the night away, all save the watchful owl, whose shrill hootings were borne from the dim distance upon the whispering night winds. We stood by the lake side, and I thought I had never before seen it look half so lovely. Not a breeze curled its silver waves, not a speck dimmed the glorious splendour of its broad expanse, save the shadows of the old oak trees as they played over the moonlit waters. Every breath was laden with perfume; the wild rose and jessamine were mingling their various sweets; wild flowers were even kissing our feet, and then bent by some gentle visitation of the evening air, dipping their purple heads beneath the wave.

I have been there a thousand times to watch the clear blue heaven, the silver moon and glittering stars, as they sparkled in their own bright homes; I have left the hall of gaiety where the loved and happy meet, and have stolen alone to this favourite spot, to listen to the sweet strains of gentle music that come with the midnight winds.

But I had now come forth, leaning upon the arm of a friend, to breathe my griefs to the unheeding winds, and to shed the bitter tears that were coursing each other from my eyes. Oh how sweet are tears when they bring relief to an aching heart, when

they drown in their crystal waters the sorrows that spring up in the bosom for those we are bewailing! but mine was not a grief to be drowned by tears. All the troubled emotions of my soul, all the hidden miseries which I had nurtured from infancy—for I have ever been the child of sorrow—came rushing upon me like the cold chilling waters of some mighty stream. The beauties which nature had spread around me, bore no harmony with my agitated feelings, yet I felt that the earth was lovely, though the cup which fate had assigned me was dugged with a bitter draught of gall. I was losing a friend, and with that friend the hopes of future years. It was that gentle being who strove with all a sister's affections to guide my erring footsteps; who was my guardian, my friend, my associate; who in sorrow consoled me, and in joy smiled at my relief. She was all I had ever dreamed of loving, and death was fast calling her to be his own.

I could bear these harrowing reflections no longer; I rushed from the place where I was standing and sought once more her couch of death. I heard her calling on my name, ere I had reached the threshold of her apartment, with a voice like an angel's and she stretched out her trembling and wasted hand as I entered. The cold sweat had gathered upon her brow and her lips were quivering with the agonies of the dying. 'Eliza,' said she, 'I must leave you, but my home will be in heaven and you will meet me there. Bright ones are gathering around me, to attend me home. I would live but for your sake, and—' The sentence died unfinished upon her lips. She was dead. The last dim light from her eyes had passed away, and she winged her flight to a world of spirits where none but the blest may meet. Death had torn her from me; that restless wanderer, who is ever robbing us from our sweetest and dearest friends, and blighting our first hopes and our long cherished affections. They laid her in the silent grave; where the weak and the mighty, the rich and the mendicant, lie down to mingle with the earth, and are alike forgotten; and oh, how I longed to rest by my sister's side. Sweet spirit of the departed, I have often thought the was with me with her sweet voice and her approving smile; but it was only a dream of happiness from which I awoke to mourn and to weep.

I have sought again and again the lake side where I first poured out my grief at her departure, but its sunny surface looks not half so beautiful, as it did upon that night of sorrow. The stars shine not half so bright, the midnight moonbeams are obscured by clouds, and its waters are angry and disturbed, as though there had come a change, an awful change upon its quiet slumbers. And oh how often have I knelt upon the sacred earth that covers the last remains of my sister. The moonbeams rest drearily upon it, yet I love to gaze myself into forgetfulness at the little mound that holds her slumbering dust. Silence mysterious and holy broods over the quiet spot, and memory with her ten thousand visions, brings back to the tablet of my heart the scenes of other days. Though her home is chill and comfortless, yet the dark waves of misfortune can never reach her slumber. She is freed from the bitterness of envy and hate, from the cares and troubles of life, and the scorn of an unfeeling world can never reach her with its withering influence. Many a bright sun hath gone down since the earth was opened to receive her, yet the memory of my departed sister is linked with all that is within this heart, that may be called happiness.

A SIGNIFICANT COMPARISON.

Travelling on a certain time, we heard the following dialogue between two men—the one a victim of adversity, and the other a close fistid old miser.

'Mr Gripe, I have lost by fire, sickness, and various misfortunes, all my property, and am reduced to the very extreme of want.'

'Well, Mr Hardlot, what is that to me?' said Gripe, with a smile as inhospitable as Greenland.

'I am a mechanic Mr Gripe, and can only earn my daily bread by my daily labour—but my tools, with which alone I can gain my livelihood and keep my family from starving, are attached for my physician's bill, and will be sold to-morrow unless redeemed.'

'Well then, redeem them.'

'I have not the means.'

'Well get them.'

'For this purpose I have now applied to you, knowing that you have money to loan.'

'Where are your securities?'

'I have none, but I can give you the promise of an honest and hard working man, that your money shall be returned with usury, as soon as I can earn it by my labour.'

'A fig for such security—your promise!—do you suppose that I will loan money on the strength of your promise? Away mendicant, and if you cannot support yourself, go to the poor house.'

Whereupon Mr Hardlot, as he turned

away from the old miser, indignantly, and dashed from his eyelids an unbidden tear, exclaimed—'ten thousand just such souls as his, placed upon the point of a cambric needle, would not make as much as two bullfrogs in lake Erie.'

ANECDOTE.—On a certain highway, the establishment of which the great Orator of the West had a prominent instrumentality in effecting, there is a very neat monument, embellished with sundry devices, and surmounted by a colossal figure of the Goddess of Liberty. On one side there is an inscription to this effect; that the monument was reared by Moses and Lydia Shepherd to commemorate the prosperity of the country, and particularly as a testimony of gratitude for the invaluable public services of Henry Clay. This seems to be sufficiently explicit. Who would imagine that the intentions of the tasteful moment could be misunderstood? Yet within a mile from the spot, we received from one of Mr Sheppard's neighbours the following splendid statement. 'Sheppard has a mornament!' 'A what?' 'A mornament.' 'And what kind of a thing is a mornament?' 'Oh, it's built out'n stone, and's got on the top, the likeness of a young lady that died once.' 'Ah, indeed!' 'And who was the young lady?' 'Why her name was Blain. She was desperate industrious in her life time, and so they've put her up there with a scrubbin' brush in her hand, and her night cap hanging on the end of it—meanin' that she was in the habit of goin' hard to work, scrubbin' or somethin' else as sne got up of a mornin.' 'A fine girl truly,' said we, 'and who had the monument built for her?' 'Oh Clay and some more of 'em—they got the money out of the United States Bank to build it with, and then they gave it to shepherd, and that's what made him a Clay man. All these fine-ries are made by Clay and the rest of the nobility; but I don't care nothin' about 'em. I would not give this road that old Hickory had made for us for all their mornaments.'

Kapila, a man of experience and wisdom, thus expostulated with a moaning Brahmin: 'How Kaundinya, whence this folly? whence this subjection to grief? Tell me what has become of the monarch of the world, the lords of mighty armies and innumerable chariots? Does not every object within the vast limits of their empire remind us that they are dead.'

'The body that perishes by death as the vessel of clay, unburdened by fire dissolves in the stream.'

'Youth, beauty, wealth, power, the society of those dear to us are blessings which continue but for a day: the wise man does not owe to them one sigh of regret.'

'As two planks borne upon the mighty lake, touch and then part for ever, so men meet in this world and then suffer an eternal separation.'

'Is not the body a compound of five elements? why then mourn that one of them should return from whence it emanated.'

'As many dear friends as a man hath, so many stings does he allow grief to pierce into his soul.'

'Thou knowest that our birth is but the beginning of death; we are united for a moment and separated for millions of ages.'

'When the bond of tender friendship is sundered, the stroke is as terrible as that which changes light into darkness.'

'Torrents hasten to the great rivers; who can arrest their course? so also flies the life of man; so glide away his days and his nights.'

'Where is happiness enjoyed below, but in the society of a virtuous man? Alas! this good is poisoned by the torment of separation.'

'Segara, and other mighty Princes, ennobled themselves by splendid actions.—They are dead; and their actions—where are they?'

'When death prematurely strikes our children, and grief pursues our soul like a sharp sword, memory becomes our foe; the only cure for our disease is forgetfulness.'

'Kaundinya, at these words, roused himself. "Yes," he exclaimed, "I will fly this fatal place, where I feel the torment of hell; I will retire into a forest." But Kapila resumed:—

'He who avoids evil, and can vanquish his passions, need not retire into a forest; his dwelling becomes a place of penitence.'

'The man of sorrow fulfils his duty when he maintains tranquillity of soul wherever he may be; for every place is proper for the exercise of religion.'

'Man, the miserable sport of misfortune, disease, old age, and death, can only find happiness in detaching himself from the world.'

'Happiness! do I say? It exists not; misery alone exists; we conceive an idea of happiness only by opposing it to misfortune.'

'I never judge from manner,' says Lord Byron, 'for I once had my pocket picked by the civillest gentleman I ever met with: and one of the mildest persons I ever saw, was Ali Pacha.'

SINGULAR CURE FOR INSANITY.—The philanthropic Baron Pisano, who for a number years had the charge of the mad house of Palermo, relates a singular cure which he effected by a very simple little stratagem which suddenly occurred to him at the time. A woman on becoming deranged, had resolved never to quit a certain position which she had taken, which was stooping down as low as she could, but still resting on her feet. This lent her knees to the utmost degree; but in this way she continued long after she was brought to the house. She had continued for ten years without extending her lower extremities. When she came under his charge, he long tried to awaken her sensibility on some subject without success. At length he went to visit her one morning, and told her he had come to the determination no longer to lead a life of celibacy, and had now come to ask her hand in marriage. She was at first indignant, and requested him not to make fun of her. He pressed his suit with so much earnestness, and with so many compliments, that at length she showed some attention to his conversation. He became more eloquent with arguments for their union, and at last she smiled. It was the first time for ten years. She became more cheerful; laughed a little, and finally consented to marry him.

The next day was appointed for the solemnization of the nuptials. All the tranquil insane were invited to the wedding. She was dressed and decorated like a bride, and then carried to an elegant arbor where a feast was prepared for all the guests. One of the keepers was dressed as the Padre, a counterfeit ceremony was performed, and they all paid her the most particular marks of respect and congratulation, giving her the title she had acquired of Baroness. She tried to walk, but was unable to straighten her knees. The tendons in the hams had become stiff and contracted. She was carried and placed at his right hand at dinner. From this time her recovery commenced.—By the employment of liniments, frictions and exercise, the use of her limbs was gradually restored, and she is now an intelligent and respectable lady of Sicily, who often laughs with the Baron, whom she calls her esposo, at the amusing freak of the marriage ceremony.

TELL US WHAT YOU CAN'T DO.—A party of Oxford scholars were one evening carousing at the Star Inn, when a wagish student, a stranger to them, abruptly introduced himself, and seeing he was not "one of us," they all began to quiz him. This put him upon his mettle, and, besides boasting of other accomplishments, he told them in plain terms that he could write Greek or Latin verses better, and was, in short, an even match for them at anything. Upon this, one of the party exclaimed, "You have told us a great deal of what you can do, tell us something you can't do." "Well," he retorted, "I'll tell you what I can't do—I CAN'T PAY MY RECKONING!" This sally won for him a hearty welcome.

A FACT.—A person residing in Retford was lately desirous of visiting a relative in Doncaster. Being penurious, he contemplated walking the eighteen mile; but, doubtful of his strength to accomplish the distance, he actually walked to Bawtry (half way), and back again to Retford, to ascertain the fact, before he dared undertake the intended journey.

A TRANSLATOR.—A young gentleman, who was studying French, having lately been asked for a translation of LE ROI EST MORT, —VIVE LE ROI, wrote "The King is dead, —Long life to him."

Why was Sir Richard Burrough naturally surprised at the weakness of his daughter (the Countess of Pomfret) in marrying the Reverend Doctor Thorp? Because he thought she would have continued FIRMER (Fermor).

Mr. Brown was told the other day that Lord Saltoun had given as a toast at a recent Conservative dinner, "the dignity of the Bench." "What is there so dignified in the bench?" is not the Fleet, of which I am Warden, equally respectable?" enquired Mr. Brown.

'Tom, what are you laughing at?' said a mother to her son—who was rising greatness itself—as he sat shaking his sides: 'Nothing,' roared Tom. 'Nothing!' exclaimed the mother:—'Thomas my son, I did not think you were so foolish as to laugh at nothing.'—'Why, mother, I could not think of any thing to laugh at, and so I laughed cause I could n't.'

Walking is the most perfect exercise for the human body; every artery, from the heart to the extremities, propels the blood quicker and more equally in walking than in any other exercise. The blood is drawn from the head and upper parts, where it is most slow and languid, and is circulated with rapidity through every part.

Such is the aversion of the Persians to the whole of the canine race, that if a dog touch even the skirts of their clothing they are thereby defiled, and cannot resume their devotions without changing every thing and undergoing complete purification.